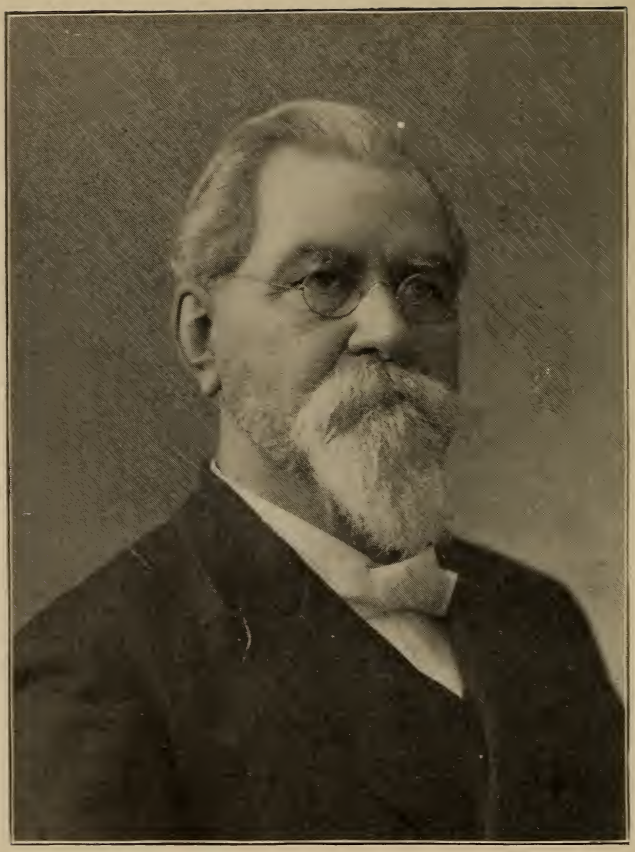
# MY WONDER BOOK

Class BX8495
Book .B43H3
Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



Lewis Benton Bates

# My Wonder Book

PAGES FROM THE LIFE OF

LEWIS BENTON BATES

EMMA BATES HARVEY

1909
The Chapple Publishing Company, Ltd.
Boston, Mass.

BX8495
.B43H3

Copyright, 1909, by
EMMA BATES HARVEY

Composition and Presswork by
THE CHAPPLE PRESS

©CLA256130

# Table *of* Contents


| CHAPTER | | PAGE |
|---|---|---|
| I | The Message Wonderful | 1 |
| II | Reflexes | 11 |
| III | The Blue Umbrella | 21 |
| IV | "Vain Repetitions" | 29 |
| V | "The Everlasting Arms" | 37 |
| VI | A Great Wonder | 45 |
| VII | "When the President Came" | 53 |
| VIII | "When the Dumb Spake" | 59 |
| IX | "The Land Where Giants Dwelt" | 67 |
| X | His Wonder Book—The Constitutional Baptism | 81 |
| XI | When the Clock Struck Twelve | 89 |
| XII | My Antiphonal Choir | 97 |
| XIII | Some of God's Great People | 107 |
| XIV | "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" | 119 |
| XV | "Is God Dead?" | 127 |
| XVI | My Degree | 135 |
| XVII | Some of My Memory Gems | 143 |
| XVIII | Old-Time Religion | 153 |
| XIX | My Marriage Column | 163 |
| XX | "I am Sorry for You" | 173 |
| XXI | Bethel | 181 |
| XXII | "In His Name" | 191 |
| XXIII | Revelations | 201 |

To Louisa

THE DEAREST WONDER
OF MY LIFE

*"And her children shall rise up and call her blessed."*

Received from
Copyright Office
JAN 4 1910

# *BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION*

"The Inner Life of an Old-Time Minister" might well be the title of this delightful biography. The phrase occurs in a letter written by the author to the one who writes these introductory pages, and it happily describes the contents of this book.

No stale and dry genealogical details are here recorded of ancestors near or remote, in which the reader, by no stretch of courtesy, can be interested; no interminable list of honors and achievements, though Dr. Bates has many to record; no wearisome letters, of interest only to personal friends, but every page of this volume is palpitating with matters of genuine human interest.

Whether the author tells of her grandfather's single-handed encounter with the rough who tried to break up the camp meeting, or of the same old Cape Cod circuit rider's faith when the family larder was reduced to five potatoes; or to her father's own experience in bringing Christmas cheer and pardon to an unjustly convicted prisoner, the story is always fresh, racy and well told, and, better than all, points its own moral, yet with little attempt at moralizing.

We hear much about "human documents" in these days, and the phrase is used to cover all sorts of human

and inhuman experiences. Each chapter of this book is a genuine "human document" of the best sort. It breathes the real life of a real man. Better than this, each chapter reveals and justifies the ways of God with man, and shows how the Father in Heaven cares for His children in all their perplexities, anxieties and troubles.

It is a book that pre-eminently stimulates faith in God and faith in man, or at least in the kind of men who live the simple, unselfish, heroic lives here depicted.

Since the author of this biography gives so few details of her father's own history, it remains for the writer of these prefatory lines to supply a few of them. No man in Boston, I venture to say, is better known or better loved than Rev. Lewis Benton Bates, D. D. His stalwart form and genial face are often seen on public occasions, wherever the right is defended and the wrong condemned, and especially where men are being led to the Saviour of Mankind, for in nothing does Dr. Bates more rejoice than in a genuinely evangelistic, soul-saving service. The Moody meetings, the Gipsy Smith meetings, the Chapman meetings would not have been complete without his kindly and helpful presence,—to speak of only a few of the more recent of thousands of revival services in which he has taken part.

These many public appearances, however, are, I doubt not, his smallest claim to the love and gratitude of his generation, for his visits to the widow and the fatherless, his relief of the poor and his ministrations

at the bedside of the sick and dying will never be forgotten, either by his beneficiaries or by Him who said, "I was sick and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me."

"Wherever he goes in East Boston (his present home)" we are told, "men, women and children of all religions and races know him and love him. It is a common sight to see him going along the street perchance with the hand of some little Jew clasped in his, while the Catholic newsboy will tip his hat, with 'Good-morning, Father Bates.'" And yet this patriarch of fourscore years, whom children of all the churches love, and who loves all children, is as sturdily orthodox as any Puritan of the sterner days of long ago. He believes in the Bible and the whole Bible, and he does not refuse to declare "the whole counsel of God" as he sees and believes it.

A few statistics must be pardoned, to show the immense scope and reach of this long and honored life. A descendant of John Rogers and of Clement Bates, the first white man to land at Hingham, and of a long later line of godly men and women, his activities have exceeded even those of his godly ancestors. He began to preach sixty-four years ago, when only seventeen, and entered at the age of nineteen upon the regular ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During all these sixty-two years, since as a lad still in his teens he was set apart for the Gospel ministry, he has failed to preach but three Sundays by reason of illness. Multiply sixty-two by fifty-two and

subtract but three, and it gives the total of the Lord's days on which he has "ministered before the altar." Three thousand, two hundred and twenty-one Sabbaths of service, up to the date that these words are written; and the ministry is still going on, Sunday by Sunday, with old-time power, vigor and success. Who can estimate the power and blessing of these unnumbered ministrations, of which the Sunday services are only a fraction?

A few more figures show even more impressively the variety and breadth of his service to mankind. During these years he has officiated at over 5,000 funerals, has married 1,600 couples, and has baptized 5,000 converts. He has also dedicated 386 chapels, and has helped personally to raise over $1,300,000 for churches and Christian work. We hear in these days of "records" of all sorts. If this is not a ministerial "record," I do not know where we shall find one.

A few years ago I visited the State House in Boston to see the new Governor of Massachusetts inaugurated. As I heard him take the solemn oath of office, my eye sought the face of an old minister of the Gospel in the thronged House Chamber, and my heart warmed to the proud father of a noble son, a son who was there being inaugurated, the honored Governor of one of our oldest and most influential Commonwealths,—and that old minister was Lewis Benton Bates.

A daughter of this same old minister warrior has found it a joyous labor of love to assist him in the preparation of this autobiography; and now Father

Bates has the supreme happiness of seeing all his children rise up to call him blessed, and carrying out his own life plans in their own different spheres, and living up to his high ideals. Truly, in the life of this servant of the Master has the prayer of the Psalmist been wonderfully answered:

> "Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
> And thy glory upon their children.
> And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:
> And establish thou the work of our hands upon us;
> Yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."

FRANCIS E. CLARK.

Boston, August, 1909.

# The Message Wonderful

"And His Name Shall be Called Wonderful"

# MY WONDER BOOK

## CHAPTER I

### The Message Wonderful

I WAS weary, and a little discouraged. Even the fact that it was the Christmas season seemed impotent to bring the usual flood of joy; for it was in the "hard-time" era of the "Seventies," and my people were poor and in many cases were suffering.

I thought of their needs and vainly tried to suit some message of "Glad Tidings" to their hearts for a Christmas sermon the next day; but words would not shape themselves, and I paced restlessly back and forth in my study.

I remembered my people, and, as in a procession, I seemed to see them pass before my eyes, all, even the stronger, pleading for help. There was a mother whose only little one would spend her first Christmas in Heaven. Poor mother, there was no little stocking for her to fill that year. How much sadder, infinitely sadder, I thought, was her case than that of even the mother and father across the way, who had five little stockings which must go empty. They were very

The Message Wonderful

poor, and for many a day the man had been unable to get work. Then I remembered another home in which sadness had thrust forth the Christmas joy, for the father was in prison, while the mother and two little ones were living in the home of a friend.

Perhaps it was because I had tried to do the most for this last case, and had seemingly failed, that its pathos seemed to take possession of my very heart and soul, utterly paralyzing my mind for all sermonic action.

As long ago as the first day I had arrived in town, before I had been in the house fifteen minutes, the door-bell had rung, and on the steps I had found a woman, who answered my word of greeting with: "Will you help me? Others have said they would, but have done nothing. Will *you* help me?" Soon in my study, sitting on an unpacked box, she told me about this prisoner. How that he had been sentenced for forgery, but that she knew he was innocent, and that he ought to be pardoned. From the very streets she had taken into her home his unfortunate wife and children. "But that man must be pardoned, and you must help to bring it about," she finally said. I promised to do what I could, and she left me. In a week's time she returned, and her first words were, "What have you done?" I was rather abashed by her question, for to tell the truth I had done,—nothing. I had been very busy that first week; and then, too, I had not seen just what I could do. With a look of mingled disgust and disappointment, she left me, saying: "You are just like all

The Message Wonderful

the rest. You *promise*, but you *do* nothing. You can preach well enough, but practice is another thing."

I wasn't exactly in an agreeable frame of mind the rest of that day; but I secretly rejoiced to feel that anyway I would not be troubled in the future by that woman. What was my dismay, then, just a week later to have ushered in my study this same persistent individual, who, as I placed a chair, said, "*Now*, will you help me?" Whether that "now" had reference to my remarks a week before, or to my injured feelings, I never knew. I only knew it had accomplished its purpose, and with unwonted meekness, I answered, "Yes, *what* shall I do?" "*Do*," she said, "*do* something right off. Get up a petition. Meet me Monday morning at the ferry and go with me to see the lawyers, the governor, the King of England, and the Pope himself, if necessary." I agreed at once to meet her, and realizing I was in her hands, I could only trust to Providence as to our final destination.

I met her. First she took me to the district attorney. He was non-committal on the subject. Then I was dragged to her lawyer. He evidently believed in the man's innocence, but had not been well paid for his past services and naturally was not enthusiastic about the future.

We then presented ourselves before the governor. For two hours that woman stated her case, going over and over the same ground until that governor from being bored was really becoming interested; for some time I had felt myself becoming more and more so.

**The Message Wonderful**

But, although the governor treated us with so fine a courtesy that it has made me love governors ever since, at the end of our interview he shook his head and sent us to his council.

We went home towards night, and I was discouraged. "I have done what you asked," I said, and then in a tone of politeness that my own disappointment made almost ironic, I asked, "Is there anything else I can do for you?" "Yes," was the astounding reply, "Come tomorrow again with me to see the judge. Will you?" "Yes," I said, almost too promptly for courtesy, and we went. And we went again, and again. For months we worked on that case, and soon I became so thoroughly aroused that I needed no urging to do something. I had prayed, I had worked, but no pardon had been granted. It was now Christmas Eve, and the man was sitting heartbroken in his cell, and the wife was sitting heartbroken in the home of her persistent friend. I had failed. What words of Christmas greeting that night could I carry to them? I looked out of the window. The dusk was falling early, and a light snow was gathering on the ground, while in the sky the snow was hiding from our view the stars. "Yes," I sadly thought, "there is seemingly not even the stars' message this Christmas night."

A sharp ring at the door brought me from my reverie to meet a "special messenger" boy standing on the step. In his hand he had a peculiar-looking white envelope, with an official seal. I fairly grabbed it, and tearing it open with shaking hands, I read:

The Executive Chamber,
December 24, '0–.

The Message Wonderful

Rev. L. B. Bates.

*Dear Sir:*—It gives me great pleasure to enclose a copy of a pardon for Mr. S——. Knowing of your arduous efforts in his behalf I thought you might like the privilege of reading it to him yourself. Wishing you both a "Merry Christmas," I am

Very truly yours,

———— ————.

"Praise the Lord, Louisa. I'm going to jail!" I cried. "Praise the Lord, Mr. S—— is free."

I don't know whether I took my hat or not, but out of the house I ran, and although it was before the days of the elevated and the electric roads, I am very sure it was the most rapid transit I have ever made. Into the jail I hurried. The warden smiled sympathetically, for he knew my errand, and asked if he should bring the prisoner to me. "Oh, no," I said. "Let me go to him."

I found him in his cell with head bowed, and with the saddest face I thought I had ever seen. He hardly glanced at me, for he was suffering too deeply. If he had looked my way, my face would have told the news at once. "It is kind in you to come on Christmas Eve," he said. I tried to control my voice and answered, "I have good news for you, my man." "Good news?" he said. "Is my wife coming to see me tomorrow?" "Better than that," I said. "My children, too?" he asked eagerly. "Better than that. You are going to see them!" "My God!" he cried. "Oh, it's too wonderful, wonderful!"

The Message Wonderful

"But it isn't," I continued, "for here is your pardon. You are a free man. It is the Christmas message of Glad Tidings—'The Message Wonderful.'" I placed my hand on the head of the agitated man, and I knew that I myself was actually trembling with joy. I heard him murmuring something, and I bent my head that I might better catch the words. This is what I heard, "And they shall call His name Wonderful, Wonderful!" Again and again came the words, and then sinking to his knees, he fairly sobbed in prayer, "Oh, God, I do thank Thee for this wonderful, wonderful thing."

I went out of that prison with him and took him home, but I did not at first go in. For nearly an hour I paced back and forth in front of his door, and then I could stand it no longer. I went in. What a sight! The persistent friend stood in the hall, tears streaming down her face. "You've done something at last," she said. "No, I haven't, either. It's all you, my friend," I said. That we didn't have an open dispute on this question I am quite sure was owing to the condition of our voices rather than that of our hearts, and then, too, there were other things that needed our attention just then. Father, mother, and children were in one another's arms. At the sound of my entrance the little ones started. "Oh, don't take him away," they cried. But the father took me by the hand, and the mother knelt, and with a hand on the head of each of the now reassured children I prayed, and we all thanked God for the wonders of that night.

When I arose from my knees I knew I had my

Christmas sermon. I had a message for all. I knew there was no heart in the universe so sad or so lonely but what it could find its comfort in the Christmas message. As I went back to the little parsonage that Christmas Eve, a whole Handel and Haydn oratorio was going on within my soul. I seemed to actually hear again in an ever-repeating chorus the words: "And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." Then alone I heard, standing out from all the rest with peculiar emphasis, "He shall be called Wonderful. Wonderful. Wonderful!"

The Message Wonderful

It had stopped snowing, and from the distance came the lightest, faintest chiming of church-bells, sprinkling through the frosty air the sweetness of, "When Shepherds watched their flocks by night." I looked up into the sky. The storm was over, and the stars were shining brightly. As I gazed, it seemed almost as if each star were trying to send down to my heart its message.

"Glad tidings," said one; "Good news," another; "Peace," a third; and then all sang together. In my heart stood out in its transcendent glory the message of the Star of Bethlehem.

"Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord."

Impulsively I sent back the word—and perhaps it was a prayer and perhaps it was a psalm—"Yes, and His name SHALL be called Wonderful."

The Message Wonderful

That was years ago, but how often since have I looked back to that Christmas Eve and felt the inspiration of its wonderful experience. Surely, in the sunlight and shadow of my life's history has ever been woven that same word, "Wonderful," until sometimes my life itself seems to become one great big wonder-book, of which God himself is the editor. "Marvellous are His doings in our sight."

As sunset light cuts off the more active pleasures of day service, I often find that Memory's pen writes page after page in that book. I open it now to the title page, and in the glory of the light of eventide, I read in golden letters:

LEWIS BENTON BATES

His Wonder Book of God's Mercies and Goodnesses.

# Reflexes

*From an old Daguerreotype*

Two Heroes of the Cross
Grandfather and Grandmother Bates

## CHAPTER II

### Reflexes

MR. DOOLEY says, "We all came over in the 'Mayflower,' only some of us took a later train." The train in which the Bates family came from England to this country landed in Cohasset in 1627. It consisted of three brothers, and of these our own special ancestor was called "Clement." In the course of time some of his descendants moved to what is now Springfield, Vermont. To make this journey six weeks of rough travelling on snowsleds was then required. What a journey it must have been in the severity of winter! A few months ago I was called to that vicinity to attend a funeral, and covered the distance in seven hours of comfortable travel. In that town among the old church records appears as one of its pastors the name of "Bates." On my visit, the townspeople told me of the stories still told by them to their children of the "wonderful things the Lord had done in the days when a man by the name of Bates was the minister."

Among the names of the early Methodist ministry I find other traces of the name of "Bates." I like to think of those old pioneer prophets in a new land. How I would like to meet them at a Monday morning preachers' meeting and hear them talk about the

Reflexes

Lord and His doings! Their life wonder-books surely would be worth reading and being made known to all men. But of all of them, to me none could be so interesting, so fascinating, so marvellous as that of my own father. He was stationed at one time in the middle of old Cape Cod. His parish covered the whole Cape, and a circuit of a hundred miles was his fortnightly apportion. What a field, and what an opportunity! He would say "Good-bye" to mother and the large family of little ones in the lonely old farmhouse, kneel down and commend them all to the care of the Heavenly Father, and then jump on the old horse. Down the road he would go, and as we would catch the fainter and still fainter strains of some old psalm tune, he was to us children, in his old clothes and battered hat, a glorious figure, a genuine Knight of the Cross. What battles he fought in the Lord's name! What victories he scored!

After preaching one night at a little schoolhouse, he gave a closing invitation for those who would give their hearts to the Lord to stand. There was a moment's silence and then a little fisher-lad arose. I think the old preacher must have had in mind another little fisher-lad of old, as he lay his hands upon his head and said: "God bless you, my boy. May He feed you with the bread of life that some day you may feed many. May He so fill your heart with Heavenly wisdom that some day you may be the means of dispensing wisdom to hundreds." The little fisher-lad went out into the darkness, but he was another

boy from what he was when he had entered the schoolhouse meeting. The Lord had spoken to him, and a great thing had happened in his heart. As he had entered the room, he was only an ordinary little fisher-pedler, one of hundreds of village boys; as he went out, the Lord had placed the beginnings of such wondrous things in his heart that that little lad one day became the man who made a fortune, and with that fortune founded a great university where "wisdom is still dispensed to hundreds." The little boy's name was Isaac Rich, and Boston University today calls him "Father."

Reflexes

Trudging home from the schoolhouse meeting, perhaps cold and tired, discouraged may be because only one little boy had responded to his labors, the old preacher little knew the mighty work he had helped to initiate that night. If he can look down from Heaven, I sometimes wonder what his feeling must be to see his own grandson president of the Board of Trustees of the very university of which his little fisher-lad convert was the founder. Such are the doings of the Lord.

Is a certain amount of poverty, suffering, and self-sacrifice necessary to clear the vision of any preacher to allow him to see the great things of the Lord? It may be because my father had in all abundance these advantages that he ever had fresh marvels for which to praise the Lord.

In these days when many good people say that there never was a Jonah's whale, nor a Daniel's den, nor a Hebrew's fiery furnace; when they say everybody

Reflexes

is going to Heaven; and that if even there ever was a Moses, he was twins; when they think ravens never fed people; when they say that if God's children are suffering and needy, the only good that prayer will do is to make them more contented in their own minds, and to give them certain reflex conditions—I love to recall some of the mighty answers to the prayers of this poor, old-fashioned minister.

At one time he and mother, with four children, were living on a salary of three hundred dollars a year. Snow was on the ground, and the air had the bitter cold of a Cape Cod winter. The fishermen had met poor luck that year, and the minister's salary had correspondingly suffered. It was one thing for him to go without comfort and even necessities, but quite another thing to let his wife and little ones go unprovided for. He was due to preach on a certain night twenty miles away. The Lord's work must not suffer. There was still some Indian meal in the larder, and a few potatoes in the bin. No coal, of course, but some wood, at least enough to last until the next night, and then, Providence permitting, he would be home again, and in some way the Lord would send with him supplies of food and wood. So, with a last prayer for God's blessing on the litttle household, he got down the saddlebags, and started courageously on his journey.

That day all went well, but at night-time the cold had tempered sufficiently to let loose great storm-clouds of heavy snow, and when at four o'clock the

Reflexes

next morning this disciple of John Wesley arose to keep his Morning-watch, it was to realize that they were "shut in from all the world without," by the "universe of sky and snow."

For a moment his heart sank within him as he pictured the little family at home in want, and then he fell on his knees and prayed: "O Thou that sendest the snow-flake, keep my loved ones warm today; Thou who once used the ravens for bakers, feed my little ones, and we will thank Thee for Thy wondrous works to the children of men. Amen." Down the ladder he came, two rounds at a time, ready for breakfast.

"Brother B——, are you not anxious about your family today?" asked the host.

"Oh, no," responded the preacher. "God is taking care of them, and he knows how to, better than I."

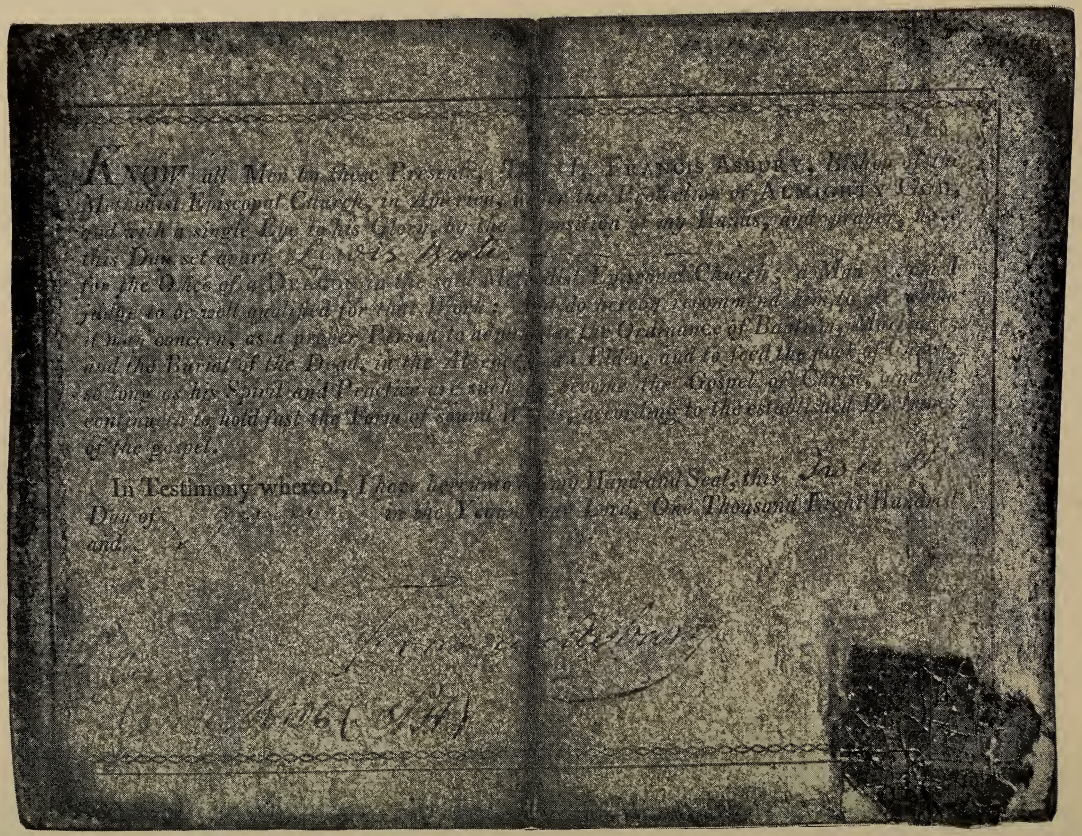
Meanwhile at his home the dear mother in Israel did her household duties. Well she knew the meaning of that storm. The last chip of wood was on the fire, the Johnny-cakes for breakfast had used the last meal, and no one could tell in that country region when the snow-bound roads would allow father with fresh supplies to reach them again. Still there were potatoes!

In the father's absence morning prayers were never omitted, so the little family knelt while the mother prayed: "Dear Lord, we thank Thee for our breakfast. We are so glad for the potatoes. But we can't eat them raw, and we are beginning to feel cold. We

Reflexes

are not widows, Lord, and we are so glad we are not, but Thou, who once fed the widow, feed us now, for we can get just as hungry. Please send us some wood first and then some more food. Amen."

As the little group arose from their knees, the last sparks of the fire were seemingly doing their best to do their part in answering prayer by uniting in one bright flame, and then, as if discouraged at the lack of co-operation from a cold world outside, they sank down in darkness. But the mother's eye looking through the window saw the wooden fence! Now, a fence is worth a great deal, but under certain conditions a fire is worth more. The boys were ordered to cut down the fence, and with boyish delight in the act of destruction proceeded to do the mother's bidding. So busily were they engaged that they did not at first see an old team plodding its way through the snow towards the parsonage. Just as the fence had fairly ceased to be ornamental, and still had not begun its more useful career in life, the class-leader shook himself out of the team at the parsonage gate. He put his team in the barn and passed on to the kitchen, evidently shocked at such wanton destruction; he felt it was his first duty to reprove the preacher's wife for allowing the fence to be cut down, but as he saw the few sticks carefully one by one laid onto the fire, the decided chill of the room prevented him from performing that duty, or was it perhaps that innate refinement that is deep in the heart of every New Englander that caused him to say nothing? He was a



KNOW all Men by these Presents, That I, FRANCIS ASBURY, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the Exercise of ALMIGHTY GOD, and with a single Eye to his Glory, do by these Presents set apart [illegible] for the Office of a Deacon in the said Church, a Man [illegible] judged to be well qualified for that Work; and do hereby recommend him to all whom it may concern, as a proper Person to administer the Ordinance of Baptism, Marriage, and the Burial of the Dead, in the Absence of an Elder, and to feed the Flock of Christ, and [illegible] so long as his Spirit and Practice are such becometh the Gospel of Christ, and he continue to hold fast the Form of sound Words according to the established Rule of the Gospel.

In Testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and Seal, this [illegible] Day of [illegible] in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and [illegible]

Original Ordination Papers of Grandfather Bates, 1806

devout man, and he and the mother talked on Heavenly things until the noontime. Reflexes

Now I contend that none but a circuit-rider's wife would have been equal to the emergency of that dinner. At twelve o'clock, with the air of more than queen, the air of the gracious housewife, she invited the guest to dinner. They drew up about the kitchen table, which was covered with a coarse white tablecloth. In the middle of the table was a large dish. There was plenty of salt in that dish, and it was the only dish that did contain a plenty of anything. In another dish were just five baked potatoes. Most courteously the mother handed the guest a plate on which she placed the largest potato. Then she passed one to each of the older of the three children, and taking the fifth potato onto her own plate, she quickly mashed it giving most of it quietly to the youngest child. No apologies, just the heartiest hospitality, and if the table had been covered with dainties, the guest could not have been made to feel he was more welcomed. For some reason he could not eat his potato. He had no appetite. Finally he could stand it no longer, and hastily arising, without a word he left the room, his one baked potato, and the flickering fire. Looking out of the window, the preacher's family soon saw him outside through sweeping whirlwinds and drifts of snow tearing down the road.

The storm continued all day, but in spite of that fact, by night-time a dozen teams had ploughed their way to the parsonage skeleton fence, and that they got by

Reflexes

the fence into the parsonage yard, a loaded larder and groaning bins gave ample evidence.

When at last the parson reached home, before he was told of any of the facts, his first question was: "How did the Lord answer prayer this time? It is pretty cold weather for ravens."

I wonder if that parson would have preached such a thanksgiving sermon the next day, if on his return from his circuit mother had met him and had said: "Lewis, I am half-starved. The children are ill from hunger, but the reflex action in my heart tells me that I have not prayed in vain. I am a better woman for not having enough food, and the children (if they live) will be better men and women."

Such an experience might be all right for some people. I wouldn't question it, but somehow *I* glory in the fact that the God of my fathers did not send a reflex action to Moses, Daniel, Jonah, to my own father, but that He did, "do marvellous things in their eyes."

# The Blue Umbrella

"The Blue Umbrella"

## CHAPTER III

### The Blue Umbrella

FATHER BATES was one of the unequaled old New England story-tellers, and never was so happy as when surrounded by a growing audience on which he could exercise his histrionic talent. One day he came jogging down the road, the old saddle-bags jouncing to and fro. As he saw the men lingering around the hay scales, he dismounted from his mare and prepared to gather in an audience for his schoolhouse meeting that night a mile away. Father Bates knew men, and often used one of his best stories to win them first to himself and then to some schoolhouse meeting to a good Gospel service. The men welcomed him, for he was well known in that region, and as well loved as known.

"Evening, friends," the old man said. "Say, did you people ever hear about Father N——?" and he clapped his hands and chuckled, until all the men grinned from sympathy.

"Oh, my," said the preacher, "it is the best one yet!" Here he laughed as if he could hardly contain himself, while the growing group was impatient with expectation.

"You see how it was," he continued, "Father N—— was going on his circuit a few weeks ago, and just

The Blue Umbrella

as he approached some hay scales—like these, I reckon —two of the town's sports thought they would have some fun with the old man, and so they spruce themselves up, and what do they do but when the preacher heaves in sight they take their knuckles, and wiping their eyes, pretend to feel very bad about something. Brother N—— is moved to pity by such a sight and asks them, 'What in the world is the matter?'

"One of them answers in a melancholy way, 'O Father N——, didn't you know?'

"'Know what?' says the preacher, now really disturbed.

"'Why, know that the devil was dead!'

"How the crowd chuckled to see the old preacher so worsted! But the old preacher, after a moment's silence, drew out from his pocket a bandanna handkerchief and held it to his eyes. He was quiet so long that the other sport at length asked, 'What's the matter, Father N——?'

"Then the old man slowly replied, 'I am crying for you orphans!'

"'We orphans?' was the perplexed answer.

"'Yes,' drily remarked the preacher. 'You said the devil was dead, and I was so sorry for you fatherless children!'"

Then, amid the appreciative laughs of the crowd, Father Bates rode off, shouting as he went, "Say, boys, meeting at Red Schoolhouse tonight. Come, won't you?" They did come, and listened even more eagerly

to the "Old, Old Story" than they earlier in the day had listened to the hay-scale yarn.

The Blue Umbrella

Perhaps the story the old man best liked to tell was about "The Blue Umbrella." Whenever there was a drought, either in spiritual or material things, Father Bates would begin, "Say, did you ever hear about Deacon Simmons' blue umbrella?" Being assured that someone in the crowd had not heard of it before, his whole face aglow with his subject, off he would start.

"You see it was this way. It was way up in the hills of New Hampshire many years ago that this deacon had an umbrella, but the story is still told by his grandchildren. It had been an unusually warm, dry summer, and the farms were suffering for rain. Some weeks had gone by since there had been even a shower, and the farmers were in despair. Early summer had promised an unusually good harvest. At one time the gardens had never seemed so fair, but now everything was scorching in the sun. It seemed as if a wind from the Sahara itself had struck the whole region and with it had brought a tropical blast that withered all living things.

"A town meeting was called, but no one was wise enough to suggest any scheme by means of which the crops could be saved. The drought continued. At last, as men so often do, and *do* only when at their wit's end, these people turned to prayer. A day of fasting and prayer was called, and early in the morning of the appointed day over the hills in every direction

The Blue Umbrella

could be seen the gathering people. They were going to meet in the old meeting-house to pray for rain. Such a congregation had not been seen for many a year. Even skeptics were there, not with any notion that anything unusual would happen, but ready always for an opportunity to sneer at the credulity of God's people.

"Never had the sky looked clearer than it did that morning. Never had the sun seemed more scorching. Man and beast were almost overcome with heat.

"Just before the minister stepped into the desk, old Deacon Simmons rode up to the door, and after he had helped his goodly wife out of the team, to the amazement of the crowd he reached under the seat and hauled out a huge bright blue umbrella.

"'Holloa, Deacon! What have you got there?' yelled a neighbor.

"'That's an umbrella,' answered the town joker. 'Don't you know an umbrella when you see it? My grandfather used to own one. In olden times they used to have them to keep the rain away.'

"Meanwhile up the aisle marched the deacon, while the people's look of surprise changed to a broad grin as they saw under his arm the big umbrella.

"What a service that was! The people sang and prayed. The old minister prayed and preached, but the sun streaked in a shameful way through those old-fashioned bold-faced windows. 'I hadn't any notion it would do any good, anyway,' said one cheerful old dame. 'Just as I thought,'" said her comforting

The Blue Umbrella

neighbor. They were talking in meeting, for the minister was in the middle of a long prayer, and they were very warm and weary.

"Just then another voice was heard. It was Deacon Simmons. Leaving the words of formal supplication, tenderly and earnestly the old man talked with God, told Him His people's need, laid their case before Him, and pleaded the Lord's own promises. A strange hush was on the congregation. There was no more whispering, for here was a man praying as if he believed he would be heard.

"Suddenly a little noise was heard, so tiny at first that the people fairly held their breath to listen. Half looking up, even as their heads were bowed, no longer did they meet the melting sun's rays. Conscious of gathering darkness in the sky, they bowed their heads again, and waited in wonder.

"'O Lord,' continued the deacon, 'We are Thy children. We are not as good as we ought to be, but we do love Thee, and believe that Thou lovest us. Thou hast promised to supply our every need according to Thy abundance in glory. We don't know, Lord, we are so ignorant, but we think in Thy abundance in glory Thou hast stored up some rain-clouds; and, Lord, we need some just now, *down here.*' Drip, drip, on the window pane. 'We beg Thee, O Father, for Christ's sake to hear our prayer now and send us some rain.'

"There was no mistake. The rain was pelting in, and as the old man finished his prayer, his voice was fairly drowned by the noise of the gathering storm!

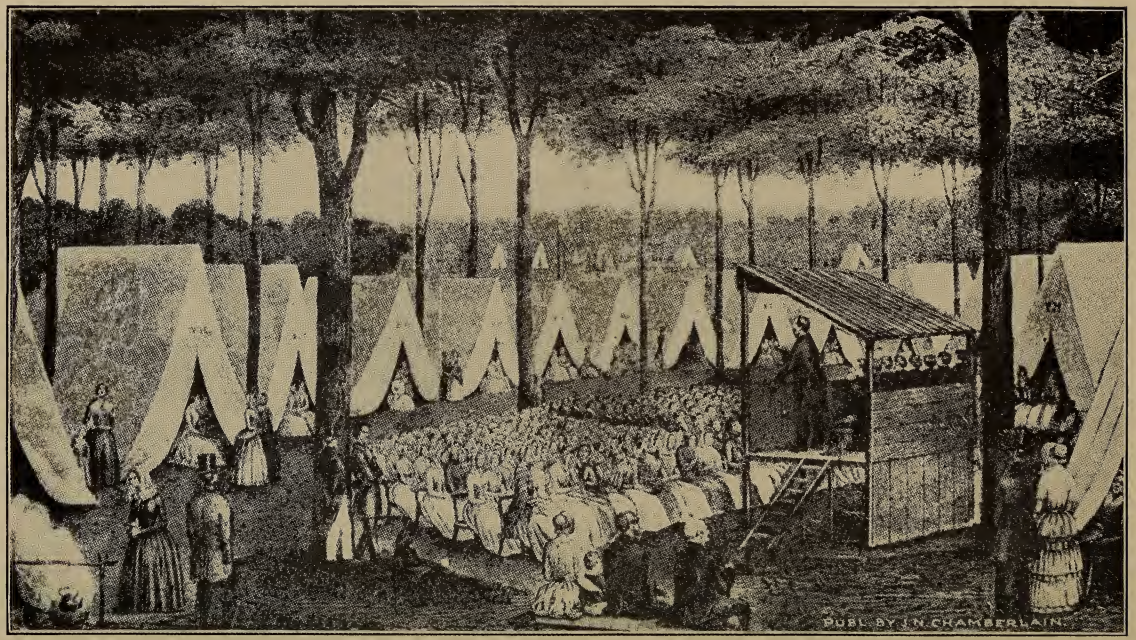
The Blue Umbrella

"'Glory! Halleleujah!' came from all parts of the room. Impulsively the whole congregation sprang to its feet, and sang 'All hail the power of Jesus' name.' At the close of the singing, the old deacon humbly and modestly walked down the aisle. His wife was on his left arm, and in his right hand was held open up over their heads the blue umbrella! Do you know, such was the effect on the congregation that not one stirred, until deacon, wife, and umbrella were in their team driving home.

"That wasn't the best of it, though, for that fall such a revival swept that country as was never known before. The people and even the parson, himself, when asked what human agency was the cause, always replied, 'It was the deacon's blue umbrella!'"

Then with a slight drawl and a twinkle in his eye, Father Bates used to add, "Haven't you noticed I always use a blue umbrella?"

# "Vain Repetitions"




An Old-Time Camp-Meeting, 1849

## CHAPTER IV

### "Vain Repetitions"

FATHER BATES had such a tall, well-built figure, that I suppose in this day and generation he would be called a fine athlete with the making of a whole baseball nine in his muscles, but being born a hundred years too soon for such compliments he simply was known as the "Big Man of the Camp Meeting."

Although those old Methodist preachers knew but little of the luxury of a vacation for two weeks of fishing and hunting, and although they had never seen a National ball game nor even had heard of the name of "Cy" Young, for all that they had their pleasures, and among the greatest of these were the camp meetings. What meetings they were! Such prayers and testimonies as were given in those services! In twenty minutes of time I have counted ninety different testimonies in just one of those old Love Feasts. Several would be on their feet at once, anxious to tell what the Lord had done for them. Then the singing, "How Firm a Foundation," "Come, ye Sinners," "Lord, I am coming Home"—how those strains still sing themselves within my heart, a thousand melodies all tuned to sing forth His wonders. What scenes they will ever bring before my mind of olden meetings in which Heaven and earth seemed to come together.

"Vain Repetitions"

At an August camp meeting in Connecticut, Father Taylor and Father Bates were having a glorious time seeing sinners saved, when towards the close of the second day of the meeting there were rumors that a band of roughs from a neighboring village was going to visit camp meeting that night, for the express purpose of "enlightening the Elders." If they came, they said they should "run the show."

No one seemed much disturbed by the rumor, and the evening service began in its usual manner. Father Bates led in prayer, and as the evening was in the interest of the missionary cause, in the night air his voice rang out quite appropriately: "O Lord, give to us, we pray Thee, the heathen. O Lord, give us the heathen for our inheritance." From the darkness beyond the dimly lighted circle there came an answering shout, "Here we are! The heathen have come!" There was a rustle in the congregation, but the only apparent effect on the preacher was to make him pray the more fervently. The prayer was finished, but before the "Amen" could be pronounced, the gang of roughs was within the camp-meeting circle. An ancient egg was seen hurrying through the air. Other missiles went forth, but still the meeting went on. Finally, as if disgusted with their lack of success in breaking up the meeting, the roughs slunk away, but as they disappeared in the darkness, they gave a parting yell, "Don't feel bad, brethren, we'll come again tomorrow." They kept their word. In vain the leaders of the meeting expostulated with them. They were out for

fun and meant to get it. After several hours of this "fun," Father Taylor turned to them and said: "Vain Repetitions"

"My friends, you are wicked heathen, sure enough. But no longer are you going to interfere with the Lord's work. Now, I'll tell you what you have got to do. You choose a champion, and we'll do the same. In open fight we will then settle who does own this camp-meeting, and who is going to run this show."

In great glee they assented, and soon to a ring chosen just on the edge of the circle they sent their leader "to lick a parson!" A rough burly prize-fighter stood there, grinning with delight at the prospect before him, when Father Bates came out and looked at him. Slowly he took off his parson's coat, and as if in prayer was heard to say: "Lord, the heathen are here, sure enough. Help us to victory this day." The rough looked at him disdainfully, and so confident was he of his own skill, he hardly appreciated the real calibre of his opponent.

"You'd better go home, laddie," was the mild greeting of the parson. "I don't want to lick you, but if the Lord tells me to, I can do it."

This was too much for any heathen. With a derisive shout of anger, he hurled himself onto his enemy. What a scene! Nearest to the ring were eight or ten veritable village heathen watching the fun with great glee as they thought of the parson's coming discomfiture. Beyond them, further away from the centre of action, were two or three hundred brethren and

"Vain Repetitions"

sisters of the camp meeting in anxious breathlessness, standing on the seats, but not facing the altar. Nearer and to the right, Father Taylor and other leaders in Israel, with a strange mixture of fun, benevolence, and enjoyment in their eyes, were gazing at the scene before them. A wild shout went up from the roughs, but it had not the note of conquest, for there before them sat the victor of the ring, *Father Bates*. He sat upon the body of the heathen, mildly pummelling him, and this is what they heard him say: "Repeat the Lord's Prayer, sonny. I shall be obliged to retain my seat until you do!"

"Oh, Lordy," groaned the victim. "Oh!"

"Say it," said the preacher, and the audience shrieked with laughter as again the pummelling of the heathen was continued. The heathen opened his mouth and began. "On your knees, my son. I am running this show." Half tumbling over on to his knees the wretch began. "Louder," screamed the parson. And louder the heathen prayed, repeating phrase for phrase, as the parson prompted him.

When he was allowed to arise, his companions had already vanished. A sister struck up in a shrill soprano voice the long metre Doxology, and as all joined in singing, Father Bates tranquilly stepped into the altar, and divine service was continued! At the first opportunity he offered prayer and this was its burden: "O Lord, forgive the *vain repetitions* of the heathen. Convert that fellow, Lord, for he would make a splendid fighter for Thee. Amen."

Then followed such a series of meetings, we are told, as even that blessed grove had never seen before. Hundreds found the wonders of the Lord. "Vain Repetitions"

But way down in his heart I think Father Bates never felt quite happy until one day, years afterwards, he had a certain letter, which contained this sentence—"Glory to God. The 'vain repetitions' of the heathen have become real heart prayers, and the camp-meeting rough to whom you once gave a deserved chastisement has become an earnest Christian."

"The Everlasting Arms"

## CHAPTER V

### "The Everlasting Arms"

*"The Eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms."*—Deut. xxxiii: 27.

FATHER BATES was a grand example of that noble class of old pioneer heroes known as circuit-riders. In his sixty-one years of Christian ministry, from the Schuylkill to the St. Croix back and forth he rode and tramped to preach the Gospel. If out at some distant appointment with a weary, jaded and discouraged horse, and with no prospect of supper before him as he would reach the next schoolhouse, just in time for service, he still was happy and many a time under even these conditions could be found shouting "Halleleujah!" At such times he would lean over the neck of the old horse, and say caressingly, "Sorry you haven't *your* supper, old fellow, but it is a great thing to be a circuit-rider's horse, you know." And the horse, apparently realizing the honor, would do his best to put on a little extra style and speed.

Father Bates was working for the Lord, and he loved his Master. He used to say: "The Lord is paying me pretty good wages right along down here, but the best of it all is, He is constantly putting deposits in my name in the bank up yonder. Glory, Halleleujah!" Then he would sing:

"The Everlasting Arms"

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness,

with such thorough enjoyment that one would wonder if there could be on the face of the earth a millionaire as happy as was this poor Methodist preacher.

One of his favorite stories was connected with that song. It seems that there was an old preacher down on the Cape who also was very fond of singing those lines. Of course, being a Methodist preacher, he was both good and poor, but when in the midst of that song at some rousing camp meeting service he seemed equally oblivious of both facts. Not so, though, at least, one of his friends. Loving the old man and appreciating his genuine goodness, a certain rich man presented him with the deed of a little cottage.

At first the old preacher was delighted. He at last was assured of a little home for his old age, and joyfully he started off for the opening service of camp meeting. His heart was overflowing with joy, and when, as he approached the camp-meeting grove, he heard the strains of his favorite hymn, he actually shouted, he was so happy. Then he, too, began to sing, but suddenly his voice broke. He remembered the words. What right had he to sing them? Was there not at that very moment resting in the back of the family Bible at home a deed, a deed of a real cottage in his own name? "No cottage do I possess," never could he sing again. It was no longer *his* song. He was so miserable all day that at night-time he rushed into the presence of his rich friend, and crushing

the deed of the cottage into his hand said: "It's no use. You are very kind, but I have lost my song. I wouldn't do that for a whole block of houses! Forgive me, won't you? But take your deed." Before the rich man could respond at all, the preacher was gone, but from the distance came exultantly the strains of "The Everlasting Arms"

> No foot of land do I possess,
> No cottage in this wilderness.

In all of his earthly career I suppose Father Bates never knew anything of earth's luxuries, but under every condition of life he had what was of far more value—the peace of God and the consciousness of the "Everlasting Arms."

We were living in Saugus while my brother, John, was on a whaling voyage in the Pacific. For three years we had not seen him, and even in those days of unfrequent letters, it had been a long time since we had heard from him. One morning—how well I remember it!—mother and I standing in the door-way saw father coming slowly back from the village. As he approached the gate, I shall never forget the look on his face. He stopped a moment, and then held up in his hand a large white envelope with a black seal. Mother glanced at it, and I wondered what was the matter with my mother, whom I had never seen but strong and self-reliant, for she slid down to the ground in a little heap, and her face was strangely white!

When they had helped her into the house, I heard her moan, "O John, my darling boy," and then father

"The Everlasting Arms"

told me that my big brother was dead; that the ship's letter had told of how sickness had broken out upon the ship, and that John had been very ill, but was getting better. He was almost well when there came a storm, and so many of the sailors were ill that poor John was needed, and he crawled out of his bunk to perform his duty. The ship came safely through the storm, but John caught cold and died the next day. They had buried him in the sea. The whole story could so simply be told, but it was a story that filled one parsonage with heartbreak.

In the early dawn of the next morning, mother and father in an old chaise started for Scituate. They wanted to get John's clothes, and then, too, they thought it would be a comfort just to look on John's ship.

Two, three, four days went by, and down the road came back again the old chaise, and on its axle, containing a few clothes and a little Bible, swung John's old sailor-chest. When mother saw us all together once more, she moaned: "It's John's coffin, children. It's John's coffin!" I looked up in surprise. Surely, mother was mistaken. I tried to comfort her by saying cheerfully: "Oh, no, mother. It is only John's old sailor-chest!" But she turned to father and said, "Bring John's coffin into my room, father." And from that time until her death the old chest could always be found in mother's chamber. She went to many parsonages, but none were so small, or so large, so poorly furnished, or so abounding in extra

furniture, but what John's chest was a fixed quantity in mother's room. "The Everlasting Arms"

That night I heard my father pray, and it seemed to me all he said was this, "Everlasting Arms, Everlasting Arms!" It is all I remember, but I knew something had happened, for father and mother, although with tears rolling down their cheeks, looked comforted, and I heard again mother say, "Yes, it is the 'Everlasting Arms.'"

I crawled off to bed, with a great longing in my little heart to do something to relieve my own heart-ache. I didn't understand, I didn't know what it meant, but in my childish way I recognized that something was helping my mother and father. I heard a step on the stair, and slowly, as if she had grown old and feeble, my mother came to the bedside to tuck in her baby boy.

"O Lewis," she sobbed, "I cannot even put flowers on his grave."

I flung my arms around her neck, and whispered: "Never mind, mamma, don't cry. Some day, when I get to be a big man, I'll put flowers on brother's grave."

As her sobs continued, I grew desperate. What was it father had said that helped her?

My childish memory assisted me. "O mother," I said, "remember 'Everlasting Arms.'" Surely a wonderful power was there somewhere, for mother grew calm again, and kissing me, said "Good-night, my little lad," quite like herself once more.

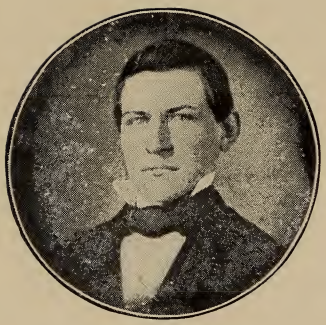
"The Everlasting Arms"

As I heard her going down the stairs, I turned on my pillow, and whispering, "Dear Everlasting Arms, please help father and mother right along, for Christ's sake, Amen," sweetly was lulled to sleep.

Thirty, forty years afterward, one day in mid-ocean, it was my privilege to hold a service for the dead. As the ocean steamer slacked her speed, I scattered some roses on the waters of the deep, and above the words, "At whose second coming, the earth and sea shall give up their dead," above the noise of wave and wind, I seemed to hear the voice of a little boy saying: "Mother, don't cry. Sometime I will put flowers on brother's grave."

On Sunday a memorial service was held in the little village. One scene remains before me most vividly. It was after the service, and Father Taylor was talking to mother. I heard her say, "Oh, *did* I love him too much?" And the old man almost fiercely said: "Mother Bates, you didn't love him half enough. God wants us to love His given treasures with all our hearts." Then as he left her, in a tone of deepest tenderness I just caught these words, "The Everlasting Arms."

# A Great Wonder



*From an old Locket*, 1849

When Louisa and I Entered the Ministry

## CHAPTER VI

### A Great Wonder

THE Lord has surely wonderfully blessed me. I think as the days go by I realize this more and more. I never stand before an audience and find sinners responding to my invitation to seek Christ, but what I turn the pages of my Wonder Book back to when, seventeen years of age, in the little village of Pembroke, I sat before the bench making shoes. Then, as I think of the contrast, I say to myself, "Lewis, it is all the Lord's doings!"

For years I had wanted to preach, but we were poor and I was struggling for an education. One day the presiding elder sent for me and said: "Lewis, the man who preaches at South Scituate has died. I can't get anyone else. You go down there and preach the next two Sundays."

The next Sunday morning, I walked eleven miles to Scituate. I was frightened at my own audacity, but preached the best I could. At noon I walked one and a half miles for dinner, then back to the church again for afternoon service. In all I held four services that day and then walked eleven miles back to Pembroke that night. The next Sunday I repeated the program, including a twenty-five-mile walk and four services, and then to my surprise, and I am very sure also to

A Great Wonder

the presiding elder's, I was invited by the official board to be the preacher at Scituate for the next six months, until Conference, with seventy-five dollars for salary.

I was surprised, delighted, and abashed, but at first would hardly consider the possibility of accepting the call, for, as I told them, "in those two Sundays I have preached all I know."

But they insisted, and so I moved to Scituate, and the Lord did wonders there. Before I left in the spring it was my joy to break the ground for the foundation of a new Methodist church.

The presiding elder then sent me to W——. He said they had wanted someone bigger and wiser than I, but that I might supply for them a couple of Sundays.

I went and found a good home in a farmhouse three-quarters of a mile from the church. Sunday morning came, and how it rained!

My host said: "Of course you won't think of going out this morning. No one will be at church. No one ever does go here when it rains."

But the boy-preacher thought otherwise. He was not very well supplied with raincoat or rubbers, but he managed to borrow an old cape from the farmer, but by the time he was ready to start, if possible it rained harder than ever.

"Why, the church won't be even open," yelled the farmer, as the young man left the house. "The sexton won't be there, either," he added, but down the hill the preacher was fast getting beyond hearing.

No church bell was rung. Dripping with rain, the preacher finally mounted the church steps. The church was closed, and as far as appearances went had been closed for the last twenty years. Still he stood on the doorstep and stared up at that old church, and the old church seemingly stared back at the minister. Just as he was wondering what next to do he saw a figure running down the road, and the old sexton, panting and puffing, soon made his appearance.

A Great Wonder

With an apologetic air, he informed the minister: "That air church never has church on rainy Sundays," and then with a chuckle added, "Yer see, parson, there hain't many Baptists in this 'ere whole town."

The door was opened, and soon minister and sexton were holding divine service together. The parson read a hymn.

"Sorry I can't strike her up, parson," said the congregation of one.

So was the parson, but he proceeded to read the scriptures, then prayed, and finally preached his sermon to the one auditor, who interspersed more reverent responses with chuckles of delight at the situation. The benediction was pronounced, and at noon the old man disappeared, promising soon to return.

The minister spent the interim in meditation, and I hope profitable thinking. It was not long, however, before the sexton returned, bringing with him some lunch. Under certain conditions how good codfish and brown bread can taste! The lunch was followed

A Great Wonder

by the afternoon service, in which still there were only two participants.

The week went by, and Sunday came again, one of those rare country Sundays in which the sun shines so brightly, and the sky is so blue, that it seems almost as if earth and heaven were trying to make up for all past rainy-day delinquencies in just one day of glorious sunshine. The church was crowded, for the old sexton had done his work well. When you have the right kind of a sexton, there is no need of a town-crier or a weekly newspaper. This was the right kind. Everywhere throughout the week he had told the people of the wonderful new minister that had come to town.

"If yer'll believe it," he said, "he preached right at me, old Jabe Taylor, two mighty fine sermons. I tell yer, they'uns were strong in doctrine. Why, sir, he couldn't have done better if I'd been a whole camp meeting! Yer can do what yer want, but as for Jabe Taylor, give him, I say, every time, a minister that's not afraid of the rain!"

At the end of his second Sunday in W—— the official board held a meeting, and told the young man, that, while unanimous in wishing his permanent appointment at their church, there was one difficulty. For some time they had been determined to have only a married man.

With a twinkle in his eye, the young man said: "Brethren, this is wonderful. If you are really under the strong conviction that this is the Lord's doings, you need not falter to do His will because of my

single state in life. It is now May. On June twelfth I shall be married, the Lord willing."

A Great Wonder

A few weeks later, Louisa Field and Lewis Bates entered the little town of W—— to labor for the Lord, salary two hundred and fifty dollars a year, and untold wonders ahead of them in the Lord's vineyard.

On that day when I assisted Louisa out of the little stage-coach at the post office, I felt that bringing her into my life was the greatest thing yet that the Lord had done for me. Now, as I look back through sixty years of happiness, I still praise God for the great wonder of June 12, 1851.

"When the President Came"

## CHAPTER VII

### "When the President Came"

AS ONE wanders from year to year through this world, what inspiration there is in meeting God's big men!

One of the greatest of these I ever met was an old farmer in Connecticut. We all called him *Father* Nichols, and I first became acquainted with him when I was sent to West Thompson, one of the earliest of my appointments. Father Nichols was perhaps the most prosperous farmer in that region, and was as dearly loved as he was prosperous.

Corn was very scarce in 1857, reaching the extortionate price of two dollars a bushel, and the people were very poor. Father Nichols counted up his riches, and found that season he should have between three and four hundred bushels of corn. As soon as this fact was publicly known, an agent visited him and offered to take the whole lot at two dollars a bushel.

"What shall *you* sell it for?" asked the old farmer.

"Oh, for two dollars or more a bushel I shan't lose anything," was the dry response.

"No, you don't!" said Father Nichols. "If you are really hungry, I will sell you one bushel for one dollar, but not a grain more."

In vain the agent expostulated, for the spirit of

"When the President Came"

trusts and syndicates is not alone the product of the twentieth century, but the old man remained firm. The agent, a sadder and a wiser man, drove away, and then the farmer sold all his corn to his neighbors for one dollar a bushel. Was it any wonder they all thought him a saint, and loved him as a Father in Israel?

Methodism with all her traditions was dear to this old farmer's soul. In his house Bishop Asbury had held the first New England Conference, and Father Nichols gloried more in this fact than in his flourishing acres. He loved the old church in West Thompson. The church building in West Thompson had one grand qualification. It was large, so large that the congregations were usually quite lost in its great capacity. It was dedicated in the year 1800. When Bishop Soule of New York preached the dedicatory sermon, he had dryly remarked: "Fine building. Fine building, but you will never fill it until the President makes you a visit."

Years had rolled by, and now it was in 1857, but no President had ever come that way, and from the size of his congregation in that old church no minister had ever yet received special inspiration. But Father Nichols loved that old church—and at that time most of the religious life of the community seemed to dwell in the heart of that one old man; but a better day was coming, for one good man's prayers were, "preparing the way of the Lord."

At Conference time he took the newly appointed

young minister right to his heart and said: "On Sunday mornings and afternoons preach for us, right here in the old church. On Sunday evenings go over to Putman (eight miles distant), and spend the rest of your time in gathering together the people in the little schoolhouses in the region around. God bless you, my son; I know the Lord will be with you." "When the President Came"

And the young man did as he was told. Around that country he went from schoolhouse to schoolhouse, holding meetings whenever and wherever he could, until in six months' time he had twenty-two appointments.

In what a wonderful manner the Lord revealed Himself to his heart, on starlight and on stormy nights, when, leaving at home wife and little one, he would travel miles through woods, across country, to preach the Gospel. The work was prospered, and the young man was building greater than he knew, for the "Lord *was* doing wonders in those parts."

A baptismal service was announced for one Sunday morning. The old bell rang out the invitation. The minister had been in his little chamber, praying and preparing for the day's work, and had been so intent in his meditations that he had not even glanced out of the window, until the warning bell told him it was time to start for church. With his heart full of praise and prayer, he slowly walked up the hill. What was his amazement to see the old country road filling with people and teams. Double-horse carriages, and single teams—still they came. Four ox-teams he counted. The old horse-sheds were full. Some one said: "There

"When the President Came"

are ninety teams here. Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

The minister looked into the door of the church and found the seats and aisles crowded. One thousand people were surely there. Just as he was about to enter, Father Nichols came running up back of him. Tears were rolling down his cheeks, and as he clasped the young man's hand, "The President has come!" he said. "The President has come, sure enough, to get this crowd here!"

But the young man bowed his head and said, "We thank Thee, Lord, for Thy wonders!"

After a simple Gospel sermon in the church, the people followed the pastor to the banks of the Quinabog, a little river a quarter of a mile away, and there on confession of faith twenty-four people were baptized. Later in the day, just as the sun was going down, twenty-seven more went through the sacred rite. No wonder Father Nichols thought the President had come to that community; and in truth, one mightier than he had been present in their midst!

One of the results of that revival was a new church building erected in the town of Putman, as a sort of daughter church to the one at West Thompson. Fifty years afterward I had the pleasure of visiting both churches for rededicatory services. What was my delight on that occasion to shake hands with brothers and sisters, who said, "Don't you remember me? Why, you baptized me in the old Quinabog, that day so long ago when the President came to West Thompson!"

"When the Dumb Spake"

## CHAPTER VIII

### "When the Dumb Spake"

IN THE world's geography New Bedford is put down as a little seacoast city once famous for its whaling industry. How differently it stands in the geography of my Wonder Book! There I read: "New Bedford, an appointment in which the Lord did many wonders, where sinners were turned from the errors of their way, and where the dumb did speak!"

There is an old record that shows, as a result of the work in New Bedford, two hundred baptisms, four hundred converts, and over one thousand Sunday-School members. How well I remember the visit of our presiding elder, who came to us in the midst of the revival. Our parsonage was next to the church, and just before the evening service one night he rang our bell. As I let him in, I noticed that he looked rather pale. To my cordial greeting his only response was, "Brother Bates, what is the matter?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, there is a great crowd outside there blocking the street. You don't mean to say that two hundred people are waiting out there for the church doors to be opened!"

"They have come to hear you preach," I responded.

"No, they haven't," he said. "'Tis the Lord's

"When the Dumb Spake"

doings! I had heard you were holding special meetings, and that there was great interest, but I didn't dream of anything of this kind."

Leaving the parsonage, we passed through the crowd into the church. I urged the presiding elder to preach, but he refused, preferring to sit in the altar, an interested spectator of the wonders before him. It was a wonderful meeting, and my heart thrills now as I think of what the Lord did that night. A number were seeking Him, when an usher brought to me a little two-by-five-inch slate, with pencil attached. On the slate was written, "I am dumb! What shall I do to be saved?" Taking the pencil, I quickly wrote beneath the question, the word, "Come!" and saw the usher take it down the aisle and hand it to a man who I knew was the most noted billiard player in New Bedford.

There was a strange hush over that audience as the slate was passed back to me again, for they knew the dumb billiard player and knew him well. I read aloud: "*Where* shall I come?" and also my answer, "Come, *now*, *here* to this altar!"

No sooner did he read the last word than forward he hurriedly came, and throwing himself on his knees, sobbed and cried like a child. Together we talked on that slate, and finally He who once in the streets of Old Jerusalem had unstopped the ears of the deaf and loosed the tongue of the dumb did His greater miracle in the heart of that man; for in a few minutes when I wrote the question, "Are you saved?" came the answer, "Glory to God, I am!" When I wrote again,

"How do you know you are saved?" came the words, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "When the Dumb Spake"

Do you wonder as I read those solemn words the vast congregation was moved by the spirit of the Lord?

In the days that followed the saved billiard-player became a mighty witness.

The morning after he was converted, a policeman visited me and offered any help we desired. I thanked him, telling him so far we had needed none, but urged him to visit us. He came that night and often afterward. The tears in his eyes and his earnest attention told me that, though of another race and another faith, he too was feeling the wonders of the Lord.

In a year or two my work in New Bedford was finished, and I moved on in the itinerancy. Years went by. One day I was riding on an open horse-car. I noticed a commotion and saw a man coming over the back of a seat near me. Suddenly, I found myself seized by both hands of my deaf and dumb friend.

"How is it?" I wrote.

"It is well with my soul," was the quick reply.

But God's wonders in those meetings were not confined to the dumb alone.

At the close of one meeting, a woman, handsomely dressed, well-known in that town as a sinner, arose and said: "Friends, I am a wicked woman, but, God helping me, I will leave my life of sin, and instead of ruining people I will try to save them. I am going home. There are eighteen girls in my house whom I

"When the Dumb Spake"

have been leading in the path of destruction. From this night they must follow Christ or leave me," and "there was joy in the presence of the angels over a sinner that repented," that night.

Another time an old man arose. Gray and worn with age, but, oh, so much more so from sin, with a gesture of despair he said, "I am a murderer! O my God, is there mercy for me?" 'Mid the hushed solemnity that followed a sweet voice sang, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet!" Sobbing and groaning, the old man knelt at the altar while the minister told of One who forgave even His own murderers. And then the poor wretch told his story. He had lived in Mexico. One day he was provoked by his enemy to an open duel, and he had killed his rival. That was all. But was it all? For years, although justified by the law of the land, he had gone out in the morning with the brand of Cain in his heart, and had come in at night still carrying the brand there. Could there be any mercy for him?

In a few moments tears were streaming down the poor suffering face, but they were of joy; for, in the wonders of that revival, God Himself had spoken peace to his heart. No wonder that the hearts of the citizens of that little city were stirred to their depths. It made no difference, the creed or the race: the wonders of the Lord were felt by all.

I remember one morning during these meetings a call I received from a neighbor who represented the "liberal" faith in that town. He had never believed

in revivals, but that morning he said to me: "Bates, you go to the best picture store in New Bedford and select two of the finest engravings you can find for your church vestry. I will pay the bill!" Then, with a tremor of the lip, he added, "I'm bound to get into this revival, somewhere!" "When the Dumb Spake"

How I enjoyed carrying out this art commission! A Methodist minister seldom has opportunity to become an art connoisseur. I went to the store and looked at picture after picture. After a little time enjoying them all, I then selected two. They were both of the Saviour, and one of them was that wondrous conception of love in which the Good Shepherd is seen bearing the weak, helpless thing upon His own heart. The pictures I bought were hung upon the walls of our Sunday-School room, but I believe from that time the picture of the Good Shepherd has ever hung in the art gallery of my own heart. When I remember the real meaning of "He careth for you!" is, "He has you on His heart," amid the busy cares of life and also in its loneliness I often stop a moment, and look at my picture, and am comforted!

I have loved that picture through the joys and sorrows of life, and now, as I look back through the years, and realize the love of the Good Shepherd all along the way, almost of itself my heart sings:

"Even down to old age, my people shall prove,
My sovr'n eternal unchangeable love
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn
Like lambs they shall *still* in his bosom be borne."

# "The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

## CHAPTER IX

### "The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

*"And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak which come of the giants, and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.*—Num. xiii : 33.

OUR last quarterly conference was to be held at the parsonage, and we were looking forward with especial interest to the Presiding Elder's visit to supper, preliminary to meeting the brethren that night.

We had enjoyed our little appointment, for the Lord had shown forth His wonders, and we were so happy in the home we had found and in the friends we had made that we looked forward with a little anxiety to the next appointment, wondering if the itinerant's wheel would carry us again into such happy places.

We enjoyed having the Elder with us at supper, and the more so that he apparently enjoyed his supper. In the course of conversation he told us about different appointments on his district, their discouragements and their glorious possibilities, and then said: "I am in great perplexity about one place. It is over at Lebanon."

"Lebanon?" I said. "Where in the world is that?"

"Oh, over here some miles in the hills," he said. "There is not a Methodist church near there, you see,

"The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

not even a class. In the town, two hundred years ago, a Congregational church was started; a hundred years later the Baptists came along and put up a church station, and now a few Methodist families have come in and are urging me to send them a Methodist minister the coming year.

"They say they will pledge three hundred dollars for his salary, but have neither church-building nor parsonage. Between the conservatism of the existing church membership, the worldliness of the outsiders, and the smallness of the Methodist contingency, it is veritably a 'land of giants.' The prospect of the barest living is so poor that I haven't the heart to send a man there next year, and yet how dare I to refuse them? What can I do?"

Then turning to me with a wonderful smile, he said, "Young man, if you were Presiding Elder, what would you do?"

I hesitated a moment. I thought of the difficulties, and then the glory of possibilities flashed before me.

"Brother S——," I said, "don't turn them down. *Don't.* You mustn't. I tell you what I would do, although it may seem presumption on my part to suggest it to you. If I were you, I would send to them the very brightest, ablest man I had. Yes, I would; I would take the best and send him into this 'land of giants.'"

"You would, would you?" asked the Presiding Elder, and Louisa said afterward there was certainly a peculiar twinkle to his eye.

"I would, indeed, I would," was my earnest reply. "The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

He turned to me and quietly said, "I believe, young man, I'll take your advice, and I'll send my brightest, ablest, and best young man to them." Then he seemed to be in a strangely subdued mood the rest of the evening, and nothing more was said on the subject.

That night, after he had gone, Louisa turned to me and said: "Lewis, you are in for it. You had better get your sling ready, for the Presiding Elder intends to send you to Lebanon, the 'land of the giants.'"

I looked at her in amazement. "Nonsense," I said, "between your intuition and our conceit strange things indeed might happen, but never that. Why, I am only a boy, and the Presiding Elder knows I couldn't do it." Then I dismissed all thought of the matter from my mind.

A few weeks later I went to our annual conference in a genuine old-fashioned ignorance of my fate for the coming year. What heroes those ministers were! What strength of heart it took to await in patient silence to hear the appointments read! To one man it would mean disappointment, for perhaps he would be sent to a distant place that had poor schools for his growing children.

Here was an aged minister. What heroic service he had done, but no one now wanted him, and there would come to him the awful knell to a minister's heart—the word, "superannuated." A young man's name would be read. I knew he had a sick wife, and two hundred dollars' difference in salary meant to him

"The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

the difference between life and death. What issues were there! And yet two hundred men sat and prayed quietly and solemnly, believing that the coming year God Himself would direct their lives. The Bishop arose, and with him they too all stood, and sang:

Faith of our fathers living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword,
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word,
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death, Amen.

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free:
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee,
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

Faith of our fathers, we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith,
We will be true to thee till death.

The Bishop wiped his glasses, and holding in his hand the roll of appointments, with a few kind words of sympathy and encouragement, commenced to read off the names, and I among the others heard him say, "Lebanon—Lewis B. Bates."

Blessed Presiding Elder. As I entered that "land of giants," what an inspiration became your tactful,

kind introduction to that land of the night when the quarterly conference met at the little parsonage, and how often I looked back, in the hard places that followed, to your words of implied praise. "The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

But the giants. Let me recall some of them. I think Captain Hull was the first one we met face to face. How dear he afterward became to us! One of the richest of the townsmen, he had pledged one hundred of the three hundred dollars that represented the strength of Methodism in Lebanon.

When we first arrived in the little town we found men and women busily engaged in cleaning the one available hall for worship the next Sunday.

On Sunday morning Captain Hull came to me and said: "Young man, I think you are all right, but I want to give you one word of warning. Out of your pulpit don't you ever dare to speak to me on the subject of personal religion. I won't have it, I tell you. Every Sunday I shall bring my armchair and sit right down in front of you, and you may hammer away all you wish. Call me anything you want. Use me for a living illustration, or a dead one, for all I care. That is your time. But when you get out of that pulpit, look out. If you ever say one word to me about my soul or salvation, I won't give the hundred dollars. I won't give one cent. I'll never come to church again, and you and the church together can go to grass for all I care. But hold on. If I like you, and I think I shall, if you behave yourself, I will have you and your wife come up to my house to dinner, Sunday."

"The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

Exit this giant Number 1.

I looked at Louisa and Louisa looked at me.

"'The land of giants,'" she whispered, "I guess we have met one. Hadn't you better be looking up your sling?"

The days went by, and the work seemed to be going fairly well. Giant Number 1 evidently *did* like the new minister, for he invited him and his wife regularly to a Sunday dinner at his home, but the minister was troubled in spirit.

It was my custom to go into my study on a Tuesday morning, and then try to block out a sermon for the following Sunday, but one Tuesday morning I entered my study in vain. I opened my Bible to find some text, but wherever I turned, against every verse I found written this name, "Captain Hull." I couldn't think, I couldn't study, for in everything the presence of that name prevented. Finally, I decided I would spend the day in calling, rather than in studying, but it seemed wherever I went the presence of Captain Hull followed me.

Wednesday morning I went into my study again, and attempted to study, but it was useless. Thursday and Friday I repeated the experiment with the same result. I was getting desperate. I had no sermon for Sunday. I couldn't get one. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep. Saturday morning I arose with a grim determination, and turning to my wife I informed her I was going to call that morning on Captain Hull. With a half-frightened little look, she said, "God

bless you," and with the inspiration of her "good-bye," I slowly went up the road. It was a mile and a half to Captain Hull's home, but it seemed as if it were five, and I wished it were fifty. I felt as if I were climbing a mountain. At length I reached his garden gate, and I think I stood there at least five minutes, admiring the fence probably. But finally I went inside, up the garden walk, and at last reluctantly put my hand on the knob of the door. I no more than had touched it when the door flew open, and there stood Captain Hull, with arms outstretched, and tears rolling down his cheeks, saying, "O my boy, why didn't you come before? I have been trying to pray the whole week, but I have been such a miserable old sinner that I haven't known how, and I want you to help me."

"The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

We talked, and cried, and prayed together until towards the evening hour, and the next day—oh, the glory of that Sunday in Lebanon—and the next day perhaps the little hall was not crowded to hear about the Captain's conversion, and perhaps the minister didn't have a sermon, after all. I only know that after the minister had tried to preach a little, Captain Hull arose, and I heard him say, "Brother Bates, let me tell this people how the Lord has saved me." Then in tones quivering with emotion and earnestness he told them that he had been a wicked man. That years before he had known that he ought to be a Christian, but that he had hardened his heart, and would not listen to God's voice. That years had gone by, and when he had heard

"The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

that a young Methodist minister was coming to town, he had felt strangely impressed that something was going to happen and had steeled himself against it. "The moment I saw him," he said, "I knew the Lord had sent him after my soul, and I was afraid of him. I tried to frighten and bulldoze him, but it was of no use. With the Lord's help he got me on last Saturday, and something took place in this old heart of mine that has made a different man of me ever since. Glory be to God for working His wonders within my sinful heart."

With such a "giant" for a leader, is it any wonder that soon, very soon, a new church building was needed in that community? For ninety days, with my own hands, cutting timber, driving teams, aiding in putting up the framework, I had the pleasure of helping to build a temple to the Lord, and several of the "giants" of that land were among my fellow-laborers.

In that town were two old Quakers, who had never before seen a Methodist preacher. They had read that old theological curiosity, "The Iron Wheel," in which Methodism is caricatured, and because of this they once laughingly told me, absurd as it afterward seemed, when first they saw me, they had almost expected to see horns on my forehead. In those early days how our Methodism was maligned! But these Quaker giants came "to see," and remained to worship our Lord.

One of the most powerful "giants of that land," was an old free-thinker blacksmith. For twenty-five

"The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

years he had not been inside of a church, and he let it generally be known that if any "d——d parson dared to even come into his dooryard he would horsewhip him out of town." In all that twenty-five years to the knowledge of the townspeople no "Ministers' Meeting" had been held in the blacksmith's dooryard.

Now, this blacksmith had a very lovely little girl by the name of Nellie. After I had been some months in Lebanon, one day I was asked to visit a sick woman quite a distance away. I mounted my horse and went out on the country roads, until finally I found I had exhausted my directions, but had not found my destination.

Ahead of me I saw a little white house that I recognized at once as belonging to the infidel blacksmith, and at the same time I noticed Nellie was playing in the front yard. Drawing up my horse, I called to her, asking if she could direct me to the sick woman's house. Very prettily she gave me the needed directions and in thanking her I handed her a little card, on which were some flowers and a text of scripture. Then down the road I went, found the sick woman, and after a pleasant call, in two hours' time came back the same way. As I approached the blacksmith's house, in a man who came out to the gate with a long black horsewhip in his hand, I recognized the wicked blacksmith himself. I was about to pass by with a "good-afternoon," but he evidently had in mind further courtesies, for he ordered me to stop, and coming up to my horse's head told me to dismount "in quick

"The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

time," so he could whip me within an inch of my life! The invitation was cordial enough, but I declined it, and asked him what was the matter.

"Matter," he exclaimed. "Matter enough. Here for twenty-five years I have forbidden any minister to come near my house, and here you, you young stripling, have actually dared to come here proselyting my little girl, with your d——d picture cards."

A giant was before me, sure enough! What an opportunity!

Driving my horse to the hitching-post, I deliberately dismounted, tied him, and started towards the blacksmith, who was still swearing with such force that he had great difficulty in breathing at the same time.

"Take off your coat, I say, take off your coat," he yelled.

"Thank you, I prefer to keep it on," I said in what I meant to be a quiet tone.

"Yer do, do yer? Wall, perhaps yer didn't know that I was going to horsewhip yer."

"I think not," I said.

"Yer wouldn't dare to strike back?" asked the old sinner, and I can see him now, lovingly rubbing that old whip, then snapping it, and all the time maliciously eyeing me. "No," he continued, "yer are a parson! No striking back for yer, is there?"

Human parson nature could stand no more! *Wasn't* there, though?

"Look here, Mr. H——," I said, "I have not harmed you. I would like to help you and your little girl,

but if you won't let me, that is certainly no reason for letting you horsewhip me. If I am a minister, I find no warrant for that. If you've nothing more interesting to say to me, I'll bid you 'good-afternoon' and continue my journey." "The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

For some strange reason that old man let me mount my horse, while he still stood choking and swearing, but just as I started off he screamed, "Yer d——d parson, yer, I'll let yer off this time, but don't yer ever dare proselyte my girl again, or there won't be enough left of yer to mount a sawhorse!" While I shouted back in almost boyish glee, "Thank you for your hospitality, Brother. Come to church and see me sometime, won't you?" and as a parting shot, "And say, bring Nellie with you, won't you?" I could just catch the answering assurance that he would see himself in a painfully unpleasant but orthodox region, first, and see him wildly shaking the long whip in my direction, when a bend in the road shut each from the other's admiring view.

In a few weeks an entertainment was given in the village schoolhouse, and it so happened that Nellie spoke a simple little piece in a charming manner. At the close of the evening, I told her how much I had enjoyed her speaking, and then I am sure the good Lord must have inspired me, for I said: "Nellie, will you come next Sunday and speak that same piece at our Sunday-School concert in the Hall? You ask your mother and father, and if they are willing, you will come, won't you?"

"The Land Where Giants Dwelt"

With a shy "Yes, sir," she ran home, and with a heart full of prayer I awaited results.

The next Sunday night the concert had just begun when, lo and behold, in came Nellie and Nellie's mother. And soon, if you'll believe it, in slunk the father into the back seat.

From that night that infidel blacksmith giant kept on coming, and one night he delayed going home long enough to shake hands with the parson, but this in itself seemed so wonderful to me that I didn't know until months later how great were the wonders the Lord had done in his heart. That was shown to me at the Constitutional Baptism.

His Wonder Book—
The Constitutional Baptism

## CHAPTER X

### His Wonder Book—The Constitutional Baptism

IT WAS in Lebanon, the "Land of the Giants," it took place; and to this day the older residents talk about the time when "a minister baptized according to the Constitution."

Two years ago it was my privilege to meet in my parlor a fine-looking gentleman, who I found was then mayor of a Western city. His first question was, "Don't you remember the man whom you baptized in Lebanon, fifty-three years ago, 'according to the Constitution'?" Did I remember him? I guess I did.

You see how it was: we had been clearing the land of giants to such an extent, and the Lord was doing such wonders in bringing back many hearts to Him, that as a result one Sunday we announced there would be down at the little brook a baptism of thirteen converts. In some ways this was the most peculiar baptism at which I ever officiated. How well I remember the splendor of the day. We all sang, "Rock of Ages," and I went forward to meet the first candidate. For some strange reason he insisted on being baptized face downward. I had no objections. Then a sister brought with her an old horn, and asked me if I had any objections to pouring water from that

His Wonder Book—The Constitutional Baptism

onto her. I felt the Lord's wonders could enter her heart in spite of horns, and therefore I baptized her in the manner she wished as she reverently kneeled.

One by one I baptized the others, until I came to the end of the line, where stood a young man, the principal of the village High School. He had experienced a wonderful conversion, and now he appeared before me for baptism. The conditions of his home-life were most peculiar. His father was an atheist, and had forbidden him to be baptized. In no gentle terms he had told him that if he presented himself at the baptismal service, "no minister should ever live to do the job; because just as a sort of an introduction, there would come first such a row as that little town had never seen before."

Many people had gathered on both banks of the little brook, and they had been quietly interested in all the proceedings; but now, as they saw me at last approach the young man, their interest was at its height. They made way for him as he came down towards the water's edge to meet me. Unmoved, apparently, by the excitement of the people, but filled with solemn reverence as he thought of all that baptism should mean to him, his face shone with holy ardor. I put out my hand to clasp his, when a man rushed down the bank and tried to push us apart. Purple with rage, shaking his fists at each of us in turn, the young man's father stood there, shouting at the top of his voice, "Didn't you know I had forbidden it? Didn't you know it, I say?" The minister did

His Wonder Book—The Constitutional Baptism

know it. Everyone knew it within a twenty-mile radius. But the minister did not let go of the young man's hand. What a scene the bystanders thought was in store for them, and greatly did they enjoy the prospect! Yet by this time, in that neighborhood so many giants had been spiritually slain, that, while eager to see the fun, it was very evident the spectators' sympathy was with the minister. Not one of them would have stood for anything but fair play.

Having finished his first period of eloquence, the old man rushed forward, apparently to strike the minister; but as he sprang for the minister, a man rushed towards him, and the minister, even in the midst of performing his sacred office, had the pleasure of realizing that his enemy was being held away from him by the man who once had threatened "to horsewhip him from town"—his blacksmith friend!

He heard him say with no uncertain sound, "Yer touch that air parson if yer dare. I'm with him."

"Mr. B——," said the minister, "may I ask you one question?" Assuming that silence gave consent, he continued, "Are you a Democrat?" Now, if there was one thing on the face of the earth dear to that old man it was the Democratic party. I doubt if the minister was more loyal to John Wesley than was Mr. B—— to Thomas Jefferson. In exciting political campaigns for miles around none could be found who stood more firmly by the principles of Democracy. No wonder at this late day, on such an occasion, to be publicly asked his party affiliations for a moment was sufficient

**His Wonder Book—The Constitutional Baptism**

to paralyze even his anger. Apparently a little subdued, he sullenly answered, "You know I am. Are you a Methodist?"

The minister bit his lip, but continued: "You say you are a Democrat. Now, as a Democrat, you will stand by the Constitution, will you not?"

"Of course I will," snarled the man, still in the blacksmith's restraining arms.

"Both of the state of Connecticut and of the United States?"

"Yes," came another snarl.

"Well, your son is of age, I presume?"

"You know he is," he snapped.

The minister raised his voice, and with uplifted hand continued: "Then I appeal to you as a consistent Democrat, sworn to be loyal to his state's and country's Constitution, do they not both read, 'Every man shall have the right, under God, to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience'?"

Amid the laughter of the crowd, the old man glared, and then with a sheepish expression quietly stood, while the minister led his son down into the water and solemnly said: "My brother, therefore, I shall baptize your son according to the Constitution of the state of Connecticut, and according to the Constitution of the United States."

Only waiting the shortest possible time for the ceremony to be completed, the crowd gave three deafening cheers for the Constitution, for the parson, and for themselves generally.

His Wonder Book—The Constitutional Baptism

In the midst of the crowd were two old men, and both were chuckling with laughter. I heard the one say, "He's a great one, my parson is," and the other said, "Well, I declare, that certainly was a Constitutional Baptism."

# When the Clock Struck Twelve

## CHAPTER XI

### When the Clock Struck Twelve

"PRAISE the Lord at all times," says the Psalmist, and that has always seemed to me a direct command. It is a great thing in the early hours of the day to give praise to the Lord. Then nature, earth, and the hearts of men, untarnished by the touch of day, seem very near to the great Eternal. What a beautiful custom once prevailed in Los Angeles, where, an aged citizen told me, in his childhood days the first one to arise in every household awakened the other members by singing God's praises.

He said: "Many is the time, as I stepped out on my veranda, in every direction, from every window, have I heard men, women, and children singing 'Praise ye the Lord'; for you must know, sir," he continued, "that the old missions taught us that, before we even said it to each other, we should say 'Good-morning' to God, sir!"

Many a "morning-watch" have I held in some glorious old sunrise meeting in which it has seemed to me almost as if the King of Day had come with actual Heavenly healing in his wings!

Never shall I forget the noonday meetings of Joseph Cook and Dwight L. Moody.

All-day meetings at different times in my ministry

When the Clock Struck Twelve

have I found most profitable, and the evening hour of nine has always seemed to me a time when holiest of influences plead with the hearts of men to be true, and to be right with their God; but perhaps one of the most impressive services I ever held was in the midnight hour when the clock struck twelve.

It was amid our wonderful experiences in the Land of Giants that this service took place. One day a man drove up to our house and said: "Next Thursday night my sister wants to be married over in Salem. Our plan is to have the ceremony at the house, and afterward to have a little reception in the old Town Hall.

"You know there is no Methodist minister in town, and we've heard one or two things about you in these parts; you don't marry 'by the constitution,' too, do you? Well, anyway, we thought we would like for you to come over and do up the job. What do you say, Parson?"

Having ascertained my willingness to perform marriage ceremonies both in an orthodox and a constitutional way, he said as he started to go: "It is twelve miles over there, so of course you and your wife will have to plan to stay with us all night. Why can't you after the wedding have a 'preaching' in the Hall?"

I rejoiced in the opportunity and soon saw the farmer riding off, eager to make the arrangements.

Thursday came, and twelve miles over the hills we rode to a little farmhouse. The wedding was very much like other weddings, in which one always finds a

When the Clock Struck Twelve

strange mingling of joy and of sorrow; but the meeting in the old Town Hall that followed I shall never forget. The Hall was crowded. In front of me was a backslidden Methodist minister, who refused when I called upon him to lead in prayer. In the congregation were nearly a hundred students and teachers from a neighboring academy, while sitting here and there among them were the people of the town and farm people from the surrounding country. It was a congregation great in its possibilities, for I knew most of these people seldom attended a religious service of any kind, and I knew, too, as I looked into their faces, how much they needed a personal knowledge of Christ. I looked at them and felt I had made no mistake in the selection of my text, for weariness—physical, mental, spiritual—could be seen written on the faces of many of them.

I read, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." What a world-craving there is for rest! I realized it that night as God so wonderfully used that text with the people.

I said, after a short sermon, "If there is anyone here tonight who is weary and heavy-laden, and would like to find the rest of which we have been talking, won't he please stand?"

To my great joy, not only one, but all over the room dozens, including the backslidden Methodist minister, with bowed heads, stood! Tears of penitence were intermixed with halleleujah shouts, and many for the first time found the wonders of the Lord. It was after ten o'clock when we left the Hall, and with weary but

When the Clock Struck Twelve

happy hearts, we soon fell asleep in the old farm-house. It seemed to me it was hardly a moment after my head touched the pillow when I was aroused by a loud knock on the door.

"Brother Bates," said the farmer's voice, "it is too bad to disturb you, but a messenger is here from the academy, determined to see you. It seems that the teachers and pupils at the preaching tonight went home, some praising God, and others under such conviction that the whole school is stirred. No one has gone to bed. Some are in tears, and some are shouting, but they all insist that you should be sent for to come and preach to them. What do you think? Had you better go?"

Had I better go? How my heart jumped at the chance, for I knew that P—— Academy was at that time the largest school of its kind in New England, and that its four hundred pupils were from all sections of the United States and of Canada.

The building was located on a hill, and as I hurriedly approached, I found it lighted from attic to cellar and the door already opened. (How God's doors always are!)

The people were crowding around the door, but eagerly made room for me as I was ushered into the school-chapel. It already was full, but the president asked me if there were any objections to inviting the "help" to the service. Gladly they, too, soon crowded into the room, and we began to sing just as an old grandfather's clock in the hall struck twelve.

When the Clock Struck Twelve

What a night that was! In the preceding meeting at the Town Hall one of the first to speak had been one of those teachers. She had said: "For years I have been weary and homesick, tired of sin and seeking peace. Tonight I have come to Jesus, and He has given me rest!"

Then, at the old academy I preached again, or tried to, and as I invited all to join in the service, her voice was among the first to testify to God's wonders in a human heart. What an influence it had upon pupils and fellow-teachers! All seemingly were seeking the Lord.

It was three by the clock when we sang as a closing hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee!" We sang the whole four stanzas, and then again we sang the grand old hymn through. The stars had almost faded from the sky as we walked back to the farmhouse, but a light more wonderful than the light of stars or of day itself had broken forth into souls that night, for it was hearts as well as voices that had sung:

"Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

Just what record Heaven has made of that meeting I do not know. I only know that many times in my life, in a way that has blessed this old heart, have I

When the Clock Struck Twelve

heard from the meeting that was held "when the clock struck twelve."

Years went by, and I was in another country among a strange people. One day I was climbing Mars Hill just outside of Athens, when I heard a woman's voice, and it said: "Yes, it is! It surely is Brother Bates! I know his voice! O Brother Bates, don't you remember me? I heard you preach one night at twelve o'clock in the old P—— Academy in Salem, Connecticut! Don't you remember? I had never seen you before, or have never seen you since, but that night I found the wonders of the Lord!"

# My Antiphonal Choir

## CHAPTER XII

### My Antiphonal Choir

I NEVER had but one antiphonal choir, and although in a general way I like such choirs, I didn't enjoy this one at all.

One of God's most wonderful promises is, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door." He has been good in showing me "open doors"; often my only trouble has been that sometimes several have seemed to be equally open at the same time. Yet I never have waited patiently and humbly but that in His own good time He Himself has taken me by the hand and led me through the right one.

When, by the old ruling of the itinerancy, I found my time was completed in my happy little appointment at A——, I found three open doors before me. At first I could not tell which was mine, but while praying over the matter one day, seven men came through one of these doors, found the Presiding Elder, and asked that I might be sent to the town they represented. The Presiding Elder, still in doubt as to the situation, carefully questioned this committee, and turning to the chairman, said: "I suppose, my brother, you are a member of this church to which you are so anxious that I should send Brother Bates?"

"No," was the unexpected answer, "I am not even

My Antiphonal Choir

a Christian, but you let us have our man, and these conditions may all be changed."

Perhaps it was this remark that seemed to the Presiding Elder an indication of the Lord's leading. At any rate I was not surprised a few weeks later to find myself in X——, the home of the committee of seven.

What a day in our lives was that first Sunday at X——! We had had no opportunity to become settled in our new home, for the former minister was still in the parsonage. No one asked us to dinner. No one asked us to supper.

As I entered the church in the morning, I was told I must be careful what hymns I announced, for this church was unusually blessed at the present time, inasmuch as it had two choirs! I was told, too, this plan had one disadvantage, for, while not antiphonal in the ordinary sense, as one would not sing if the other did, they did enjoy answering each other back in ways other than musical! They were known as the "Old" and the "Young" choirs!

With a little justified hesitancy, I read a hymn. I think it was "What a friend we have in Jesus!" The organ started the prelude, finished it, began the hymn, but played an organ solo, for with it not one person sang in that whole church! Again the organ gave an emphatic double chord for encouragement, and then played through the whole hymn, but it was again the case of an organ solo. No sound of human voice came from anyone. How I wished I could have

My Antiphonal Choir

sung! I closed my eyes, bowed my head, and prayed for grace.

Two other times that morning this musical program was repeated, the only variation being in a change of hymn. My memory may fail me, but I am under the impression that the last hymn I announced was "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing!" The organist each time did well, and I tried to, but not one note was sung that Sunday morning! Surely my selections had not been exactly suitable to the occasion, or else there were conditions of which I evidently was ignorant.

Just before I pronounced the benediction, I said mildly, or tried to make it mildly: "Friends, this afternoon we will hope to praise the Lord with singing!"

At noon I found a good old-fashioned class-leader with a class-leader's voice for singing. "Brother A——," I said, "we are going to have congregational singing this afternoon, and you must lead it." And he did, and, with the exception of the members of those two choirs, the whole congregation joined most heartily. From that time on we never had a service without singing. It is true it was sometimes by one choir and sometimes by the other, sometimes purely a congregational affair, but we always had *something!*

That first Sunday another pleasure was given to me, the announcement of two socials for the following week. One was to be given by the "Old Choir," and one by the "Young Choir."

The first Sunday in a new pastorate, under any conditions, is a trying day, but when I reached my room

My Antiphonal Choir

late in the night of that first Sunday in X——, I was utterly exhausted, and sleep came only towards morning, when I remembered my Father had sent me to that appointment and He would lead me.

The days went by, and the two-choir element was a disturbing factor in every department of our church life!

It was December, and I called my official board together to ask them the advisability of trying to increase the spirituality of the church by holding special services. To my great surprise and regret, the board was not in sympathy with this plan and to a man protested against it. I told them, that with all due respect for their judgment, I was under such a strong impression that the Lord was leading in that direction that I felt impelled to announce special services for every evening of the coming week. They shook their heads dubiously and evidently were disappointed in their pastor!

The treasurer stood by and solemnly said: "Brother Bates, if you do that, you will increase expenses. You can't afford to go against our wishes. Your salary will suffer. There is reason in all things!"

I had been the pastor of that church then for eight months, and for salary had received for all my valuable (?) services the munificent sum of eighty dollars. At that time I had four children.

"Well, my brother," I said, "I know you all want sinners saved. We must have these meetings! If my children get hungry because of them, I can go out in

My Antiphonal Choir

the streets and earn bread!" I enjoyed my own implied heroism but sadly realized I was not popular with my board.

I gave out notice of special meetings to be held every night of the following week, and held them, but sixty was the largest number in any of the congregations.

Without again consulting my board, the next Sunday morning I repeated my notice of the week before—that every night of the coming week religious services would be held in our church. Nothing was said further during the day, but just before the evening meeting, as I was preparing for service, I looked out of my study-window and saw seven men coming up the garden-walk! I tried to greet them with cordiality, although I surmised their errand.

"Brother Bates," said their leader, "it is my duty to tell you that at a board-meeting we held this noon, we were appointed a committee to tell you that in the opinion of that board you are acting foolishly and wickedly to continue the meetings this week, and to tell you that you must from the pulpit this evening recall your morning notice of those meetings!"

The leader was really at heart such a genial good fellow that I felt sure he did not like his part in the errand any better than I did. I liked the way he avoided my eye; in fact, I felt impressed the whole seven were not quite as confident of the righteousness of their cause as their present errand would indicate.

I thanked them courteously, told them I was completing my preparations for the evening service, and

My Antiphonal Choir

asked them to all join me in prayer for the best interests of our little church. As we arose from our knees I said, "Candidly, I would like to follow your advice, brethren, but I know you will pardon me when I tell you the Lord is leading me differently!" Then I quickly changed the subject and together we went to evening service, but no recall of any morning notices was given that night; in fact I don't think anyone thought there would be. In some form for four weeks the main points in this drama were repeated. Sunday morning the pastor would announce services for every night of the ensuing week. At noon the members of the board would meet and decide to wait on him to express their disapproval, and at night they would appear at the parsonage. The minister got to where he looked for their regular appearance Sunday nights as a part of his spiritual preparation for the evening labors.

The worst of it was, though, there were apparently no results from the extra meetings. The minister was discouraged, and the board was getting angry at what they considered their pastor's foolish obstinacy.

"Brother Bates," they finally said, "you must stop this! You are wasting gas and doing nothing! We will stand this nonsense no longer."

It took some courage to meet them, but God was with me. "Brethren," I said, "let us pray!" When I arose from my knees I said: "I am sorry for your disappointment. Believe me, I want to please you, but something speaks so strong within me that I dare

My Antiphonal Choir

not disobey its voice, and that voice tells me I must go on! One privilege the Methodist Discipline gives to all its ministers—by it a minister has the right in a church to preach as often and when he likes. The special meetings must continue next week. I dare not stop them!"

It was with a heavy heart I went into the service that next Monday night, although I noticed a larger congregation than usual. I preached a poor sermon, but it contained a glorious gospel. I was sad and heart-weary. I told the people about the priceless friendship of Jesus Christ, of what a friend He had been to me, and how I wished they, too, were all His friends. Then in closing I said: "Friends, it may be there is someone here tonight that has never been His friend, who would like this moment to begin to know Him. If there is one such, will he stand?"

I bowed my head, and closed my eyes. I was very weary, and if you will believe it, in spite of all my prayers, I am afraid I expected no answer to that invitation. But I heard a noise in the rear of the house and I saw a man springing to his feet! It was actually the non-church member, non-Christian chairman of the committee of seven! Another man arose, then a woman, a child, then more men and women, until the aisles were filled by human beings seeking to pray at God's altar! Sixteen testified that night that they had found Jesus there. Never shall I forget the thrill that filled all our hearts when the "chairman," reaching the altar, not kneeling, but throwing himself prostrate,

My Antiphonal Choir

prayed out loud for God to help him. A breathless silence was at length broken by groans and sobs of repentance. I looked, and found "Young Choir" and "Old Choir" all mixed in together. The meeting had not been dismissed, but it seemed to me as if everyone there was loving everyone else, and all were asking for forgiveness! The "chairman" had just arisen, saying, "Glory to God! I am saved!" when the leading soprano of the "Old Choir" struck up "What a friend we have in Jesus!" The alto of the "Young Choir" joined in, and soon "Old Choir," "Young Choir," official board, committee of seven, and all were united in one grand chorus. All were made one in the friendship of Christ Jesus.

When I pronounced the benediction, the treasurer stepped up to me and said: "Brother Bates, here is four hundred dollars on your salary. I have had it ready for some weeks, but I wouldn't give it to you because I was mad about your persistency. Forgive me!"

For seventy nights afterward, unrebuked and uncriticized, we held preaching services in that church.

As a part of the results, a church debt of nine thousand dollars was cleared; one mile away a new mission church was built; and best of all, four hundred new souls were added to the number that through the ages shall sing "What a friend we have in Jesus!"

Some of God's Great People

## CHAPTER XIII

### Some of God's Great People

*"I'll make your great commission known,*
*And ye shall prove my Gospel true,*
*By all the works that I have done*
*By all the wonders ye shall do."*

—From an old camp-meeting hymn.

EARLY in my ministry I discovered that the encyclopædias of earth did not contain all the names of God's great people.

I was only eighteen years of age, a mere boy, and I was on my first charge, when one day a brother came to me and said:

"Two and a half miles from here there lives one of the Lord's own saints. She has been paralyzed for over twenty years, so she cannot move that hand or foot, but a wonderful spirit is imprisoned in her frail little body. She is the happiest person I have ever met. Go and see her, boy. Perhaps her minister can do something for her. Anyway," with a quizzical look at my youthfulness, "if you go to see her, there will be a blessing about it, somewhere!"

So I went, and it required all the enthusiasm and courage of a boy's heart for me to presume to make that call. Through the green fields, across a brook, up hill, down into the valley, I went, and finally two and

a half miles from the church, and a mile from the main road I found a little old-fashioned farmhouse. In its early days it may have been worth five hundred dollars, but, judging by its appearance, at that time it would not bring the price of the land on which it stood. The whole place seemed painfully to have written all over it the word, "mortgaged." I stood before that little house. I had not yet got used to pastoral calling, and the presumption of the present visit seemed to me specially great and to increase in greatness as I used the old knocker on the door. When calling on an invalid and one's courage fails him, one does not even have the comfort of considering the possibility that perhaps, after all, the host may not be at home!

So timidly I stood on the old stone which served as doorstep. In a moment the door was opened, and I was greeted with a pleasant smile by the sister of the sick woman, but the smile lost all charm for me when I heard her say, "Please take off your boots and leave them outside!"

I did as she requested, although I felt awkward and ill at ease in the felt slippers that she offered me to take the place of my boy's cowhides. Then she explained that her sister was so sensitive to the slightest noise that she could not even bear the sound of ordinary footsteps, and ushered me into a dark little chamber. I can see it now with its low, slanting roof and whitewashed walls.

As my eyes got accustomed to the dim light, I went

over to the bed, and putting out my hand said, "I am the new minister and have come to see you. How do you do?"

But no hand was outstretched to meet mine. I laid my own on the poor white fingers, but received no answering pressure; for years had gone by since there had been any power of motion or feeling in that hand! I did see her lips move, and in the faintest whisper I heard these words, "God bless you! I have been praying for you. Welcome!"

Even now, as I look back through the years, it seems to me as if that welcome of hers were almost an earnest of the eternal welcome that in the world to come God will give to all His children. A strange feeling of joy was in my heart, as I thanked God that He had called me to His ministry; all my self-consciousness and awkwardness had disappeared, as I sank on my knees to pray.

"Dear Lord," I began, "bless this, Thy child!"

"He has," was the response in a weak, sweet voice.

"But bless her right now!" I continued.

"He does," came from the pillow.

"Give her all she wants."

"He has." I remembered the mortgaged-looking house, and tried to continue my prayer, but once more was interrupted with, "Just thank Him, won't you, for being so good to me, instead of asking Him for more this time?"

The young minister arose from his knees with a new glory in his soul, and a new vision of prayer. The

Some of God's Great People

voice continued, halting now and then between the words, but never for a moment losing a certain quality of pathetic sweetness: "Ever since I heard you were coming, I prayed for you, my boy. I have prayed days, and I have prayed nights, and God has given me this message for you.

"You are just entering the vineyard, but let me tell you, God's blessing is upon you. Souls shall be your hire, and the people shall say, 'We will go with you, for we have heard that the Lord is with you.' This is the Lord's message to you, my son, and it is my welcome to you. My book, sister," and she sank back exhausted, while her sister handed me a little book from under her pillow. It was a shabby covered little blank-book, but its value in gold could not be estimated. She called it her Prayer Book, and in it was written a list of the names of her neighbors and friends, against fifty-one of which were placed tiny crosses. For some of these names, during the night-watches and agony-hours of twenty-two years, she had prayed; and the glory of it all was that the fifty-one crosses showed fifty-one wonderful answers to prayer, for fifty-one of sixty-two recorded names during that time had become earnest Christians.

Out of her presence I went, no longer conscious of youth, or awkwardness, or ignorance. I was a servant of the living God, and had just been face to face with one of His saints. Ahead of me was a great life-work, and I was confident in the Lord, for she had promised that the Lord would be with me! No, the names of

Some of God's Great People

all of God's great people are not in the encyclopædias of earth!

Today the sad news comes of Ira Sankey's translation. In turning over the pages of my Wonder Book, I find his name in my special catalogue of men for whom the Lord has done great things.

Two scenes are brought before me. It was towards night, and I was walking wearily home, across Boston Common. I found myself approaching a crowd of people, over whose heads came in the thrilling accents of one of the sweetest voices I have ever heard the words: "Razor-straps! Razor-straps! The finest in Boston! Here they are! Only fifty cents apiece!" There was something about the tone or quality of that voice that even with its unpoetical message held listening a growing multitude.

With difficulty I got near the singer, and found in him an ordinary-looking young man, standing on a soap-box selling razor straps!

Years went by, and I was honored with a platform seat in a great tabernacle. It held at least seven thousand people. A man stood before them, and while while that vast congregation offered him the perfect tribute of sympathetic silence, I heard him sing, as he alone could, "There are ninety and nine that safely lay." I looked upon him, a man still young but wonderfully blessed in God's service, and as I thought of the other time when I had heard that voice, I bowed my head in thanksgiving, for I realized it was the Lord that had done it, that had taken a poor razor-strap

Some of God's Great People

pedler, and had made of him one of earth's mightiest preachers in song.

It is a privilege to meet God's great people in high places, as well as in the lowly walks of earth. One of the big days of my life was when President Grant attended the Martha's Vineyard camp meeting. Grand old hero! I always had loved him from the war-times, but after the President came to camp-meeting, he had entirely won my heart.

It was in the good old days of camp-meeting virility and we were holding our meetings around an altar at which I had seen the Lord do great things for hundreds.

The President was the guest of the camp-meeting association, and courteously accepted its invitation to attend divine service. It had always been our custom to follow a preaching service with an altar-service

The President had listened most attentively to the sermon, but the leaders thought surely he would not be interested in an old-fashioned Methodist altar-service. The committee in charge felt it was a most awkward situation and decided to wait on the President and his suite, and suggest to them that at the close of the preaching service, with all propriety they could retire. Two were chosen to perform this office.

While a hymn was being sung, they tiptoed to the seats of the presidential party. When he learned their mission, the President shook his head, saying

NOTE—At the wonderful funeral services of Dr. Bates, when, the paper tells us, ten thousand people whom he had helped looked on his face for the last time, Bishop Hamilton referred to this camp-meeting scene and made this statement: "I have lately come across a memoir of President Grant in which he says it was owing to this service, conducted by Dr. Bates, that he became a changed man,—and that he dated a new life from that meeting."

it would be a pleasure to stay. There was no help for it, but no one just wanted to take charge of that service. Finally the Presiding Elder said, "Bates, you must go ahead with this, but go carefully! I wouldn't ask anyone forward for prayers this night." With this for inspiration, but also with a heartfelt prayer for guidance, I stepped forward and simply, as the only way I can, gave forth the grand old Gospel invitation. I forgot the President, I forgot his secretary, I forgot the Presiding Elder's injunction. I only saw before me a lost world and above me a saving Christ. I couldn't help giving the usual invitation.

"Friends," I said, "we are all children of our Heavenly Father, journeying home. Some of us are weary and sinful, and almost lost. Will all of you that love the Lord Jesus Christ and are trying to follow Him, come forward to this altar, that we may pray together?"

There was a breathless moment of silence. No one stirred, and then one after another came until the altar was filled with people. We had a wonderful service, and during it all no one was seemingly more devout than President Grant.

And Mammy White, the old colored woman, prayed, and then the Presiding Elder followed in prayer. Bishop Haven poured forth his wonderful eloquence. Old Rousers, the pop-corn vender, uttered his petition, and doctors of divinity and college professors joined in the supplications. Who shall say which voice was the first to reach the heart of the Great Father?

Some of God's Great People

Grant had many great moments in his life, but I doubt if ever he stood higher in the sight of his Maker than he did that morning when with bowed head he stayed at camp meeting and joined his prayers with those of God's more lowly children.

Later in the day, at the invitation of the President's wife, at the cottage where they were guests, I called. With queenly charm she greeted me, and then, handing me a little Bible, asked me to read a few words and pray with them; and President, his wife and friends knelt as we prayed together to the Ruler of all nations.

The sun had already sunk behind the distant cliffs when I heard the bell chiming for the evening service, and I hurried away, thanking God for His own great people. How many there are of them, of every rank and type!

William Taylor is one that stands in the foremost rank. What a man of God he was! One night at a certain camp meeting, word was brought that William Taylor had arrived from Africa. Through some mistake in the management, no provision had been made for his lodging, and I had the honor of sharing with him my own room. Just before he retired, he took from his bag a slab of marble ten by twelve inches and taking off the pillow, placed that in its stead upon the bed.

"What do you do that for, Bishop?" I inquired.

"For twenty years I have slept only as I have pillowed my head upon that marble," he said. "In the midst of the forest jungle, on my missionary tours,

or here in the home-land, never mind how fevered with care, that pillow has always brought me sweet rest!"

Grand old man! Shall I ever forget your impassioned appeals for God's children in Africa?

Has ever anyone who once heard him forgotten him or his message? The next day I heard him say: "I was in the gloom of the dark continent. For one thousand miles I had traveled, and for a thousand miles I had met the bones of human beings whitening in the sun, and bones and skulls seemed to come together, even as they did in the vision of Ezekiel. Each skull looked at me with reproach, and then in tones of reproach a vast multitude seemed to speak and this is what I heard them say, 'O white man! Why didn't you come before? Why didn't you come before?'"

A few years ago I was passing through a little town in California. It was a beautiful town, as only a California climate and California blossoms can make beautiful. An old cloister was of greatest historic interest, while modern architecture had done her best with picturesque villas. But it was not California flowers, nor cloister, nor villas that gave that town its greatest charm, for this town was the home of Bishop Taylor in his last days. With tears in their eyes, the people still show you a little stream on the outskirts of the town, where in the delirium of the fever, the Bishop hurried in the night hours, and getting into a little canoe tried to paddle away to Africa!

"They are calling me!" he said. "I must go! I must go once more to Africa to tell them of Jesus!"

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

"And A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

## CHAPTER XIV

### "A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

TO AN old Methodist minister perhaps the favorite conception of his work is that which emphasizes the relation of a pastor to his flock as that of a father to his little children.

In sixty years of Christian ministry I have met noble men and women, who as men and women have first found the wonders of the Lord. I can never hear of any soul approaching the Lord Jesus Christ, that it does not seem wonderful in my eyes; but when I see a little child deliberately and lovingly for the first time placing his hand in the Saviour's, my heart thrills within me at the greatness of a Father's love.

My parents gave me to the Lord when I was born, and I do not doubt that I always belonged to Him, and yet at seven years of age there came a moment of consciousness when I knew that deliberately I was choosing my Saviour. I was only a tiny lad, but at that moment in the little parsonage kitchen class meeting there came into my heart a peculiar peace, that has grown the brighter through the wear and tear of seventy years.

In my ministry I have met many good people who have not believed in child-conversion, but my own experience has taught me that the majority of child-converts "hold out" much better than do the adults.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

When but a lad of thirteen, I left my home to go out into the world for myself. My dear old father put into my hand two ten-cent pieces and one five-cent piece. "It is all I have, my boy," he said.

My father was an old Methodist preacher. He never had had more salary than three hundred dollars a year. Self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice were his portion for more than half a century, and God had wonderfully transmitted it into heavenly treasure. So with twenty-five cents in my pocket I left him, but I had treasured up in my heart the choicest legacy that can come to any child—the blessing of Christ-like parents.

Two years went by. I had worked hard, day-times at my trade, and nights at my studies. The time came at last when I was going home for Thanksgiving. How much I went without so as to save money for my fare! My mother and father were now in another pastorate, and for this happy Thanksgiving Day all the other children were already at home; only I remained to come.

I got off the cars, and hunted up the stage that was to take me a thirty-mile drive home over the hills. By some good fortune that seems to favor boys I soon found myself sandwiched into the driver's seat. What a ride that was through those New Hampshire hills!

As the day wore on, I felt it only proper to make the acquaintance of the driver. Did you ever really know an old-time stage-driver? This one was a veritable pilot of those thirty miles! What he didn't know was not worth knowing. I can see him now as

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

he told me who lived in the yellow houses, who were going to get married, who had died, and that Squire Whiting was going to run for the legislature. Best of all he knew where my father and mother lived!

"Parson Bates?" he said. "Oh, yes! You get off at the next turn. Go a quarter of a mile until you come to a stile. Walk through until you come to another, then up a hill, and down in the next valley you will see a little farmhouse. That's your home, I reckon!" When he said "home" I could have hugged him on the spot!

Through the stiles, down the road, up the hill, down into the valley I almost ran until blinded with tears I found myself at last in my mother's arms.

That night—shall I ever forget it?—my father read from the Old Book in Samuel, how the prophet had once asked his servant this question, "Are here all thy children?" Closing the book with those words, he wiped his dear old eyes and knelt to pray. The old man, although he tried again and again could only say: "O Lord, we thank Thee. Here we are, and all the children Thou hast given us, and the children are all here! The children are all here!" It was a wonderful prayer, for it was uttered sixty years ago, and its echoes are still in my heart.

It is no wonder that through the years, "Are thy children, spiritual children, all here?" has become the solemn question in my own ministry.

On one of my early appointments we were holding special meetings, and the children were very responsive

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

to the spiritual influences. One little boy of twelve claimed to be converted.

Near by lived an infidel shoemaker, who was bitter in his denunciations of the meetings, pastor, and converts. That this little boy of twelve years should claim conversion was a special annoyance to him. From the talk of the men in and out of his shop he was not long in discovering that Willie Taylor, the little boy, not only professed conversion, but was actually testifying in the meeting, as to the wonders of the Lord in his own heart.

The old man sneered at the account given to him, but one evening found him in the crowded vestry of the little church. He listened to sermon and to song with a scornful indifference, but when the meeting was opened for testimony he was alert to see "the fun." Almost the first to speak was little Willie, who, that he might be the better heard, stood upon the seat. In his clear treble, with a childish sweetness he said: "Friend, God smiles on me. Does He smile or frown on you?" and then sat down. The meeting went on the same apparently as before, but not the same in the heart of the shoemaker, for the wonders of the Lord were taking place there. "Does God smile or frown on you, friend?" It was the biggest question he had ever heard. He took out his pencil and wrote it down. Quickly at the close of the meeting he left the church, but not to pass a comfortable night in sleep. All night he turned and tossed with that question ringing in his ears, "Friend, does God smile or frown upon you?"

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

Finally in the early morning light he sought the parsonage, and there in the little study he gave his heart to the Lord. Arising from his knees, he grasped the minister's hand. "Friend, God smiles on me! Little Willie's question is answered."

Within six months the infidel shoemaker began to study for the ministry. Afterward for many years he preached the wonders of the Lord. Is it not one of His wonders that "a little child shall lead them"?

I have met some great men in my life, but one of the biggest of God's giants was Joseph Cook.

It was my privilege one winter to hold with him a series of six weeks noon meetings in Tremont Temple. He would take charge one day, I the next. It was my day. I announced my text—"and suddenly there came from Heaven"—but got no further, for I was interrupted by the voice of an old lady in the rear of the house saying, "Brother Bates, is that in the Bible?"

I said, "Yes, sister," and was about to proceed again, when the voice said, "Will you show it to me?"

Not waiting for an answer, she slid through the seat and up the aisle, a dear little old lady holding a Bible up in her right hand. There was a stir all over the congregation. Joseph Cook leaned forward and said: "Be careful, Bates. The old lady is a little off." But by this time she was on the platform, handing me the Bible. I found her the text and read it aloud from her Bible. How her face shone! She turned to the great congregation and said:

"I have found it at last! That's it! I am eighty-six

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

years old. Eighty years ago in a little Maine village, I told the minister I was converted. He said I was too young. They all said so. I wanted to join the church, but they said, 'No, wait until you know more!' I felt badly, but I waited. I have been waiting ever since. Eighty years! Oh, what I have lost! I will wait no longer, but today I will confess my faith in the Lord Jesus!"

Joseph Cook again leaned forward. "Bates," he whispered, "it isn't the old lady who is off! It's Joseph Cook."

Six months afterward I received a note from the pastor of the Harwich church informing me that the previous Sunday because of public confession of her faith in Tremont Temple, he had admitted Sister A—— to church membership in Harwich.

One of my favorite texts is, "He which converted the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins," but I sometimes think we do not sufficiently emphasize the last clause. One little child at the age of eight placed safely in the arms of Jesus may prevent eighty years of sins. What greater work is given to man! Is it not Riley who says that

"To find a little child
And bring him to his own,
Is a heap sight better
Than reigning on a throne."?

# "Is God Dead?"

## CHAPTER XV

### "Is God Dead?"

WHEN I was a little boy living in East Saugus, I remember several times the awakening of a sleeping household at night by the appearance of some strange black man. Then I did not know what it all meant, but in after years I recalled, associated with these midnight experiences, certain expressions, "underground railway," "fugitive slave law," and so forth, and they became full of deepest significance.

How often William Lloyd Garrison and my father would get together, and talk far into the night. They were great friends, but would always differ on the church question.

"Yes," said father, "it isn't what it ought to be, but don't down it, Mr. Garrison; the church of God is the best thing we have, after all."

I was preaching in North Easton in 1860. I had come home weary from my church service, and soon the whole household had settled down to sleep. It was past midnight when I was awakened by a timid knock on the door. I found standing there, in a most pathetic condition, a runaway slave. Blood was in his miserable boots, and on his face was the wild, hunted expression of beast rather than of human being.

"Is God Dead?"

Exhausted from lack of food and rest, he crouched down on the doorstep and uttered just two words, "Mercy! Massa!" Have you ever seen some poor stray dog, even as you extended a hand to pat him, crouch as if in fear of a deadly blow? If you have, you can get some idea of the pathos of that crouching negro on the parsonage doorstep! I pulled him inside, and soon we had him resting and drinking coffee at the same time. As his strength was somewhat restored, he told us his story. He had been working in the rice-swamps, and evidently had had a genuine Legree for master. Poorly fed, poorly clad, he had stood all kinds of abuse until he had been forced to stand by and with his own eyes see his mother brutally beaten, because she had been unable to do her work. From the effects of that beating the old mother had died, and he that very night had escaped. For weeks he had hidden in the woods, almost retaken several times, but finally had reached the coast. In a miraculous way he had concealed himself on shipboard, and in spite of intense suffering had reached New Bedford safely. With great precaution he had succeeded in walking from New Bedford to North Easton, and had suffered so much that both his strength and heart had at last failed him. Even if he ran the risk of recapture, he must have food and rest before he could go a step farther.

"I can die, Massa, but never will I be a slave again!" A sudden gleam of fire came from those suffering eyes, and then died down again, leaving nothing but the

ashes of resistance in its place, while in sullen despair I saw him sitting again with his head buried in his hands. For four hours he rested, and then in the early morning hours he and I crept out of the little parsonage, and together we hurried towards the woods. Before the sun had risen very high in the heavens, I had the satisfaction of leaving my companion in the safe charge of one who would take him to Worcester and there make further arrangements for him to proceed safely on his way to Canada, to freedom and to life itself!

"Is God Dead?"

Years went by, and I often wondered what had been his fate, whether recaptured, or exhausted, he had died on the road, or whether it were possible for him to have actually escaped to Canada.

Twenty years afterward I was preaching at a camp meeting at Nobleboro, Maine. While preaching, my attention had been attracted to a noble-looking colored man, who seemed deeply interested in the sermon. At its close he came to me and said:

"Do you remember the runaway slave that came to you at midnight in North Easton? I am that slave. I knew sometime I should have the chance of thanking you, but I thought it would be up in Heaven! Thank God, for the chance, this side!"

On "this side"! Doesn't God have precious wonders for His children.

One of the saddest sights of my life was when I stood in front of the Old Court House in Boston, and saw Frederic Sims taken back into slavery. He had run

"Is God Dead?"

away from his master, reached Boston, and was in a fair way to go on to the land of freedom, when his owner's son, who was attending Harvard College, met him on the corner, recognized him, and had him arrested. Public indignation was so great that the Court House had to be protected by chains. Theodore Parker said, "It can't be done! There isn't a judge in Boston mean enough to send that man back to slavery!" But it *was* done! Down the street I saw them bring him. One poor, ignorant, hunted slave guarded by hundreds of police and soldiers! I can't bear even now to think of that picture!

Stirring old times in those days! Wonderful meetings and wonderful orators. Perhaps the most wonderful meeting I ever attended was in old Tremont Temple. It was in the troublesome war-times. Clouds were thickening, and there was no light! Governor Andrew presided at the meeting, and Frederick Douglass was the principal speaker. He was depressed. We all were. He spoke with difficulty, for it seemed almost as if the gloom of the country was enveloping him, and paralyzing his effort. The audience was silent, but it was the silence of inertia rather than that of appreciation. Not a cheer, not a response. He said, "I see no light; all looks lost," and then stopped a moment in a pause more eloquent than the greatest fluency. Amid the solemn hush, there came a voice, a tremulous voice, but powerful in its tremor, "Frederick! Frederick!" and the eyes of that vast audience were centered upon a poor colored woman, who in the upper balcony was

standing with radiant face and uplifted hand. It was Sojourner Truth, that wonderful Miriam of the colored race. "Frederick," she repeated, "is God dead?"

"Is God Dead?"

Had a stroke of lightning entered that building, the effect could not have been more electrical. From heart to heart leaped the heavenly spark! "No, Sojourner, no! our God is not dead!" rang forth from the pulpit, and Frederick Douglass, inspired by an old colored mammy, spoke until the vast hall rang with cheers, and the hearts of all were uplifted in the thought that "our God is not dead!"

Glorious truth! Lincoln knew it in his darkest hour. As we that then lived look back at the wonders on wonders by which the Lord has brought forth this country, do we, too, not feel like lifting our hearts in solemn thanksgiving to the ever-living God?

It is a glorious truth and it has been the message of poets of all ages.

Sojourner Truth tells us that "God is not dead!" "God is in His Heaven. All is right with the world," sings Browning, and one is a poor colored woman, and one is a Poet Laureate, but in God's sight are they not both His children with a God-given message for suffering humanity?

# My Degree

## CHAPTER XVI

### My Degree

SINCE the days of Cotton Mather, our beloved city of Boston has always been an enigmatical problem to the theologians. It is not strange that this should be so, for she has had peculiar theological grandmothers. Puritanism, High Churchism, Election, and Fore-ordination, Liberalism, Free Thought, and Evangelism are all in her family-tree, while her religious soil has proven specially conducive to the revival of Eastern cults and even to the manufacture of new ones. In all things she has ever been a very proper little city, but in spite of her propriety there have been times in her history when she has forgotten she was the Athens of America, when she had forgotten the dignity of her reputation, and has allowed her heart to be deeply moved by some great religious interest.

One of the mightiest spiritual waves that ever touched Boston was the one produced by the ninety-day Tabernacle meetings held by Dwight L. Moody. What wonders were performed through the agency of that simple, upright, earnest man! A series of wonder books should be written on those meetings alone.

I remember one night, just as Mr. Moody was about to preach, a note was brought to him. He read it, paused a moment, and then handed it to me, saying,

My Degree

"Please attend to this for me, I must go on with my sermon." This is what I read, "A rich man is waiting for an interview with you in the ante-room. He is very anxious to see you at once."

I no sooner finished reading the note than I hastened to the little room; at once I was greeted by a man somewhat past middle age, richly attired, but with one of the most heartbroken looking countenances I have ever seen. He was half-bending over the figure of a young man, whom, with the help of his coachman, he was doing his best to prevent from tumbling out of the chair. One glance at the young man's face told me he was in an intoxicated condition, and that his father had brought him there seeking help. What a sight he was, in a white beaver-coat, tall hat, gaudy necktie, and patent leather boots, lolling in that chair!

Hardly waiting for me to introduce myself, the poor father said: "I have read in the papers that men are being saved in these meetings. I have heard that you take even drunkards and make men out of them. Oh, won't you save my boy?" he groaned.

Poor father! "The Lord has saved many souls in these meetings," I said, "but everyone that has been saved has wanted to be saved. Even God cannot save a man against his own will. Does your boy want to be saved?" Turning to that poor wretch in the chair, I said, "My friend, are you willing to be saved?"

"Naw," he answered, "I won't. This is the old man's work. I don't want to be saved, Mister. I

*won't* be saved, I tell you,' and with a stupid grin he sank back in his chair again.

My Degree

"O Mr. Bates," cried the father," can't you do anything for my boy? He is all I have. People call me rich, but I would give all I possess to save him. I will pay the debt on this Tabernacle, I will do anything, only help my boy."

We talked and prayed, but the young man still insisted he didn't want to be saved. He had chosen, and it was one of the saddest moments of my life, when I saw the father and coachman carry him out to the carriage again, unsaved, "without God in the world." Some months afterward I heard that they both, father and son, were dead: one had died of delirium tremens, and one of a broken heart. Money cannot buy the wonders of the Lord.

During the Tabernacle meetings I had many revelations of the greatness of Dwight L. Moody, but to me one of the finest of these was on a winter's night, when he and I, after a hard evening's work, left the inquiry room together and started for home. As we went along the street, conversing on Heavenly things, our attention was called to the figure of a young man standing on the corner under a lamp-post. Neither of us had ever seen him before, but Mr. Moody went right up to him and stretching out his hand, said, "Good-evening, friend. Are you a Christian?"

"No," stammered the amazed young man, "but I wish I was."

Then followed such a scene as must have caused

My Degree

the angels to rejoice. After talking together a few minutes, Moody began to pray; and above the voice of passing traffic, above the murmur of passers-by, I heard these words, "Father, we love Thee. Thou hast shown us such wonders. Now we ask Thee to show us another. Save this young man tonight. He is far from home, lonely, poor, trying to earn his way through school by waiting at one of these hotels. Teach him how to wait on Thee, Lord. Show him thy salvation just now, for Christ's sake. Amen."

And the young man, with tears streaming down his face, had new light shining forth from his eyes, for that prayer was answered, and he had found Jesus.

The dim light on the corner has given place to a brilliant electric light, but the old street corner is still there, and I never go by but what that scene comes before my eyes again, and, in spite of electric light and passing crowd, I feel I am on holy ground.

It is a privilege just to be associated with a truly great man, and I loved to be with Moody. He was always so kind. Time and again he would ask me to assist him in some service, but always referred to me as *Doctor* Bates. Now, I had some education, but what I had was largely the result of what I myself had earned, and what God Himself had given me. No one will ever know how I had longed for a university course. I read and I studied. I worked days as hard as I could, and would study hours into the night, and then would go to sleep, praying still for an education. Working, praying, studying; not so bad a preparation

for life, after all. I did all I could to get the education of the schools, and then I left the rest to God. Do you know, I am more and more convinced that the unrealized, cherished ambitions of everyone that loves the Lord are generally right down here more often given big compensation than we think? My Degree

It is a great university of which the Lord is Dean, and no one is so poor but what he may enter it.

There were celebrated scholars connected with Moody's work, and they were good men, too. One of them became very much irritated at Moody's constant reference to me as Doctor. Finally he could stand it no longer, and one day in the ante-room, just before we all went onto the platform, he turned to Moody and said, "Mr. Moody, I know Brother Bates will excuse me, but perhaps you do not know that he is not a Doctor of Divinity?"

Moody gave one of his peculiarly sweet smiles and said: "He hasn't a degree yet? Well, I'll give him one, now. Remember, Dr. Bates, your first degree comes from Dwight L. Moody."

Ten minutes later, in the crowded auditorium, I heard him say, "Will Dr. Bates now lead us in prayer?"

A few months after, through the thoughtfulness of a Boston Methodist and the generosity of a university, the academic degree was conferred upon me. I appreciated it. I always shall, but I doubt if way down in my heart any university has the power to give a degree of which I could feel more proud than the one bestowed by Dwight L. Moody.

# Some of My Memory Gems

The Oak at Mamre as it is Today

## CHAPTER XVII

### Some of My Memory Gems

MOST books contain *some* beautiful memory gems, and so does my Wonder Book. As a boy my teacher led me to learn many a memory gem that, if not duly appreciated at first, in after years became to me a choice possession in literature, but the memory gems I have in mind are not just that kind. They are a queer collection, as you would see if I could now set them before your eyes. My father's father began to collect some of them, and my father and I in turn have added to them. They have been brought from different countries and different climes, these poor inanimate objects that seem almost to speak with the eloquence of human tongues, for my memory gems are heart treasures. On the first page of their record I would show you three very ordinary-looking objects—an old rubber blanket, a rusty sword, and a cane made of oak. You might think that a dollar or two would buy the whole page, but it wouldn't—from me.

I bought that rubber blanket a generation ago for two dollars and a half; it is almost as good today as then,—not much like the rubber we buy nowadays. Every time I look at that blanket it speaks to me of God's goodness, and of the way in which through commonplace things God reveals His wonders.

Some of My Memory Gems

It was just after the war, and the Massachusetts regiments of nine thousand men were holding a muster at Nantasket. I was there as chaplain of the "Massachusetts Third." Every day just before sunset at dress parade we had prayers, but no especial interest was manifested by the soldiers. We chaplains would look at them drawn up in the hollow square, so fine in their appearance, so great in their possibilities, and we would long to do something to inspire them with the glory of the ideals of Christian soldiery; but apparently, while they treated us with all courtesy, they had no special use for clergymen in general, or for us in particular!

Sickness broke out in camp on the fourth day, and one poor fellow became very ill with typhoid fever. He grew ill so rapidly that it was decided to send him home in a team; the soldiers started to move him, and I found to my dismay on nothing but a bare board! I at once did what anyone would have done under those conditions—I insisted on their placing the poor fellow on my mattress, and covering him with my blanket; and finally I saw them starting off slowly on the eight-mile drive to Hingham.

That night it rained, and I passed the night really very comfortably in my little tent, well protected by that old rubber blanket, but in some way the men discovered I was sleeping in a puddle of water, with only the rubber blanket under me. It was nothing. Anyone would have done the same under the same conditions; but if you will believe it, God used so wonderfully

that little fact that the next night after prayers those soldiers urged me to preach, and I did preach with a heart full of gratitude for the opportunity! In a few days the camp broke up, and I was quietly jogging down to the boat, when I heard, "Three cheers for the Commander, General Butler." I joined in heartily. Again I heard, "Three cheers for Colonel Boyton!" I again assisted the chorus. And then came the shout, "Three cheers for the chaplain who slept on a rubber blanket, so a sick man could have his bed." I did not join in the chorus, but I think for once I really was overcome with modesty, as I bowed my head, and hugged the old blanket, but modesty was soon forgotten in a deep sense of gratitude.

When a year later two men came to see me at the Concord Muster and said: "Mr. Bates, you didn't know it, but we wanted to tell you that the sermon you preached after your night on the rubber blanket a year ago was the means of changing our lives; that before that time we drank, and were wicked, but that sermon so stirred our hearts that we went to our homes resolved to do nothing until we had found God; and praise His name! we did find Him!"—then I knew in my heart that Persian rug or cloth of gold could never become to me of equal value to my old rubber blanket!

* * * * * * * * *

Have you ever been in the beautiful Harper's Ferry region? Have you ever stood on Jefferson's Rock, and gazed on those hills sun-kissed and cloud-crowned

Some of My Memory Gems

with Alpine glory, while in and out and all about them, you see the winding Potomac binding them willing prisoners with shimmering silver chains?

Have you ever stood on Jefferson's Rock, and listened to the story that those hills still tell of known acts of heroism, and the equally great deeds only seen and heard by them? Have you looked at Maryland Heights, and then letting your gaze rest for a moment nearer you on the quaint little town of Harper's Ferry, have you searched there until you found an insignificant-looking little building at which as you looked have you seemed to hear, as a faint murmur at first, but gradually an increasing chorus of river, and hills and rocks singing in unison: "Glory! glory! Halleleujah! John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on!"?

If you have had this privilege, you will understand a little of the preciousness of his next memory gem; for this sword, old and rusty, was once used by John Brown himself, then by his son, from whose hands it was taken just before John Brown was captured in that little insignificant-looking building in 1858.

A few years ago I was visiting a young Methodist minister stationed near Harper's Ferry, and in one of our walks we had the pleasure of visiting a gentleman whose home was just the other side of Maryland Heights. Among other trophies he showed us that sword. "Yes," he said, "that belonged to John Brown's son. My friend took it from his very hands, and afterward gave it to me!"

Some of My Memory Gems

I tried to look appreciative and at the same time without envy. I must have failed, however, in one direction at least, for some months after I had reached my home in New England, just on my birthday, an express package was handed to me, and in it was that sword with this note:

"Dear Doctor:
I send you the enclosed for a birthday card. I appreciated it myself, but believe you will appreciate it more. With best wishes, I am Your southern friend,
_____ _____.

I could devote a whole Wonder Book just to my memory gems on canes, alone. From a boy I have enjoyed collecting them, and many are the fine specimens that my friends have given me. I have a gold-headed cane. I think a great deal of that. I have several others that show exquisite carving. I think much of them all, but the cane I now would set before you is neither of these. It is very ordinary in appearance, but I have good reason to believe it is made from the Oak of Mamre. It was given to me by a poor Arab in the Holy Land. In the East we had had peculiar experiences with our guides and dragomen all the way along, and of some of them it were difficult to rid ourselves.

In Cairo we had been most unfortunate in that for two days we had been at the mercy of a dragoman, who cheated us, lied to us, disappointed us, and in every way had done his best to make us uncomfortable —and had succeeded. The hour had come to dismiss

Some of My Memory Gems

him. We had paid him considerably more than we had agreed upon, and with no tears in our eyes we prepared to say "good-bye." If you'll believe it, the fellow wouldn't go! We did our best to get rid of him but still he stayed, gesticulating wildly some hieroglyphics. Finally, the hotel-keeper pitied us and told us that the man wouldn't leave us without a recommendation. Everyone flatly refused to be his sponsor, and at last, after wasting several hours, I took out my church card and wrote upon it:

"This is Mahomet Ali. He is just the kind of a dragoman you want, if you want this kind of a dragoman." I wrote in English, but I was a minister and so I insisted on fair play, and had the hotel-keeper read the recommendation to the native in his own language. To my astonishment he was delighted, bowed gravely, and departed, leaving us in peace. I don't doubt to this day but what that church card, with the signatures of ten clergymen duly affixed, is still one of his treasures! Perhaps it is even one of his memory gems! He was not the guide who gave me this cane. Our acquaintance with that guide was made in a very different manner.

When traveling through the Holy Land, one morning about three o'clock I was disturbed by the cries and groans of one of our Arab guides. Hastening to the door of the tent, I discovered that for some negligence of duty he was being brutally beaten by the dragoman. I succeeded in bringing the punishment to a speedy end, although the dragoman sulkily told me

that I was the one who might have been killed through the carelessness of the rascal, as it seems he was being punished because he had not properly adjusted my saddle! From that moment the poor Arab whom I had saved from further beating became a veritable "Man Friday" to me. The next night I was disturbed several times by the sound of someone at my tent door. I told my dragoman in the morning about the disturbance of the night. He laughed, saying: "It was your Man Friday. He slept all night on the ground in front of your tent and would have killed anyone who tried to hurt you!"

Now, it is claimed that all Americans are natural curio-seekers, and that this fact is specially true of Methodist ministers. In speaking for our party, I surely cannot deny the statement. A few days after this, in the course of our journeying, we had come through the little village of Mamre, and had looked with longing eyes for a specimen of its oak. Night was coming on, and soon our guides began to prepare for camping.

I was tired, and the bed of the camp looked good to me. I had just settled down preparatory to a good night's sleep when my tent flap was cautiously pulled aside, and in the starlight I saw "Man Friday." With an unusual lack of ceremony, he hurried to my bed, and pulling from behind him an oak branch, thrust it triumphantly into my arms. A little disappointed at my apparent lack of enthusiasm, he said, "Mamre, oak! I get it! Hide it, all want it!"

Poor ignorant savage! He followed me to Haifa, and as we took our ship there, he actually begged me to take him home with me to America. He would eat so little, he said, that he would cost me hardly anything, and I myself had sufficient evidence that clothes need not be considered at all! I had his oaken branch carefully treasured in my trunk, but himself I had to leave behind on the heathen shore.

When I got home I had that cane made from the branch, but I never look at it without a mingled feeling of pleasure and of sadness: pleasure, as it recalls the wonderful days in the country from which it came and the gratitude of a human heart; sorrow, as a vision comes to me of a poor ignorant heathen Arab, standing on the pier at Haifa, with pleading eyes. I still see him waving a farewell that in itself is an entreaty, while, slowly and cruelly, a ship sailed out on the waters away from him and leaving him alone.

# Old-Time Religion

## CHAPTER XVIII

### Old-Time Religion

I HAVE been musing all day on the words of an old book, and these five stand out in wonderful distinctiveness, "I have kept the faith." It was the swan song of a grand old hero of ages gone by, but is it not equally an inspiring clarion note of victory for God's children today? Amid the wrangling cries of creeds within, and the attacks of foes from without, how many times in my life have I found that my heart trembled for "The Faith," only afterwards to be re-established with greater confidence in the Lord.

Early in my ministry I had the lesson impressed upon me that it did not make so much difference as to the *way* in which this faith was kept, as to the fact that it was kept.

I remember years ago one winter when I was preaching on Cape Cod, where religious "isms" in the little fishing village were more numerous than in Boston itself. There was but one church in the village, with a congregation made up from many different denominations. Now, I noticed, in a period of strong religious interest, that the little church seemed to forget the diverse denominational character of her constituency, and Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Episcopalian, Unitarian, and Presbyterian, and even Jew, and

Old-Time Religion

Catholic, would be found side by side worshipping their God, but when the religious and moral tone was low, the vacant seats in the little church told the story that their former occupants had forgotten they were "one in Christ Jesus."

I felt troubled and prayed for a revival, but somehow the more I prayed the more it seemed to me that the spirit of disunion possessed that little community. If I called on Baptist Deacon A—— on a Friday night to lead in prayer, the next Friday, Congregationalist Brother B—— would make himself conspicuous by being absent from the prayer service.

Brother S——, a Presbyterian, was our Sunday-School superintendent, and a good one. What was my dismay to have Mrs. Jones, the richest woman in the village, call on me one Saturday morning and tell me that, while Mr. S—— was its Sunday-School superintendent, her support no longer would be given to that church.

She herself was an Episcopalian, and never would she send her boy to a Sunday School with a Presbyterian superintendent. In vain I expostulated. The whole village was rampant on the subject. The postmaster gloried in Baptist affiliations; his assistant was an Episcopalian. No Baptist in that town would receive a letter from the assistant, no Episcopalian from the postmaster himself.

Over some post-office windows I have read, from "A to L," and over others, "L to Z"; but no such division existed in our town. We were beyond all

alphabetical distinctions. Creeds alone assigned us to certain windows for the delivery of mail. It was ridiculous, if it had not been so wrong. I don't know what the result would have been to all religious life in that village, if God hadn't done what He always does at just the right moment—if God hadn't interfered.

Old-Time Religion

It was Saturday afternoon. I was in my study when into the room, breathless and hatless, ran Mrs. Jones.

"O Parson, have you seen Johnnie? He has been gone three hours. Someone saw him going towards Mills Swamp, and I am so frightened."

Johnnie was nine years old, the only darling of his father and mother, and one of those children beloved by a whole village. Mills Swamp contained a famous quicksand. No wonder Mrs. Jones was anxious. It was a dull November day, and night was hastening on. I hurriedly got my hat and went with that anxious mother. Five, six, seven o'clock came, but no sign of Johnnie.

We rang the old church bell, and soon all the people of the village joined in our search. They organized squads to scour the woods. Before long their lanterns could be seen in every direction, hastening towards the dreaded quicksand. It was midnight when a glad shout told the weary searchers that the boy was found.

Up to his waist, fast sinking in the dangerous bog, Deacon A——, the Baptist, had found him. Brother B——, the Congregationalist, had held the lantern,

Old-Time Religion

but it was the Presbyterian superintendent who, with his own arms had pulled the little fellow up out of the perilous sands. As he placed him into his mother's arms, I peered around in the glimmering lights, and Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Catholic, Methodist, Congregationalist, and even our one Jew neighbor were all there. And I tell you what, it was hard work to tell them apart when they were trying to save a fellow! I couldn't tell who had searched hardest, or who was gladdest, or who sang the loudest, as we all struck up, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"Brethren," I said, "this union love-feast will be continued tomorrow morning at ten-thirty in our church." Do you know, I believe every blessed one of them was there!

Long ago I came to the conclusion that when Paul said, "I have kept the faith," he was simply expressing the ideal of common human experience. So many creeds, so many shades of belief! Blessed is that man who can keep untarnished his childhood's faith.

I had a dream not long ago. I know it is young men that should have dreams, and old men visions, but this was a dream. I thought I was in a huge factory which proved to be a Bible house, and I heard a voice say: "Let me show you the different Bibles, for we have many kinds. There is a personal one for everyone who comes into the world."

Then from room to room I followed my guide and looked at Bible after Bible. At length my attention

was called to a special one, and my guide said: "That is the Methodist Bible. It has good print and is very serviceable. We send them out six months on trial, and I am glad to say that most of them are kept permanently. There is just one trouble with them, though. Some of them have to often come back for rebinding and polishing." Old-Time Religion

As we entered another room. "These, too, are good for real service," the voice continued, "and do fine missionary work. You notice they are printed on watered paper, and are water-proof. They are the Baptist Bibles."

My attention was next called to some beautifully bound gilt edge volumes. "Yes, they are beautiful," said my companion. "They contain the same Gospel as the plainer-bound volumes, but to preserve their purity they have to be kept most carefully. They are the Episcopal Bibles."

I then found that another room was devoted to the Presbyterian Bibles. I noticed that certain passages in their volumes were underlined with red ink, and quickly looking through them found these passages often contained the words "fore-ordained" and "elect."

"Where are the Congregational Bibles?" I asked.

"There is no special room for them, but Congregationalists use those from the other rooms as they see fit," was the answer.

I was then shown into a room which seemingly held most beautiful books. I took up one, and what was my surprise to see it was only half of a Bible.

Old-Time Religion

"Yes," said the guide. "That is the source of the Jewish scriptures."

I stood in silence at the revelations of that Bible house, as sect after sect and creed after creed was brought to my mind by the sight of the Bibles that represented them.

"Do not look so disturbed," said my guide. "Remember all these Bibles belong to God's children. Your business, after all, is not to give all these Bibles one binding, one paper, one edition. Your business is simply to find your own, and then to help others find theirs."

"Among so many, how dare I hope to find that one is really meant for me alone? How do I know I may not get the wrong one, after all?" I asked.

"Dear child," was the answer, "your Father does not let His own make mistakes. You will find your own, for God Himself has written your name on its title page."

I looked again, and there nearest to me was a familiar-looking little volume open to the first page, and there I read:

"Blessed are they whose names are written in the Book of Life. My sheep are known of me, and I am known of them. Other sheep have I, which are not of this fold."

* * * * * * * *

Attached to my watch-chain is a little brass key, on which is an old-fashioned compass. I don't know how old it is, but an Englishman gave it to my father

in 1802. To my knowledge, the little glass-covering has never been opened, and through all the years the compass has never got out of order, and its tiny needle has remained true. Old-Time Religion

When, because of God's wonders in my life, I found myself making preparations for a journey to the Holy Land, one of the last things that some of our party of twelve did was to procure bright new up-to-date compasses. We were gone four months from home, and those compasses on sea or land, on mountain or in desert, were our close companions.

We were on the Mediterranean headed for Alexandria, when a terrific storm swept our decks. The top of the foremast, struck by the lightning's fire, came shuddering down, and then the tempest almost as rapidly as it came, disappeared, leaving in its wake a shining sun.

A few hours later I was standing beside the captain on the bridge. He was troubled, for his reckoning and compass did not agree. "I am sixty miles out of my course," he said by the ship's compass. The one in the chart-room he consulted, and the one forward, but they all differed with one another as well as with the ship's reckoning. We ministers consulted our own bright shining ones, but no two agreed, and my little old-fashioned one, dangling from my watch-chain, seemed more wildly out of the way than any of them.

Later in the day we were met by the pilot from Alexandria. The captain's first words were, "Let me see your compass." While they were consulting together,

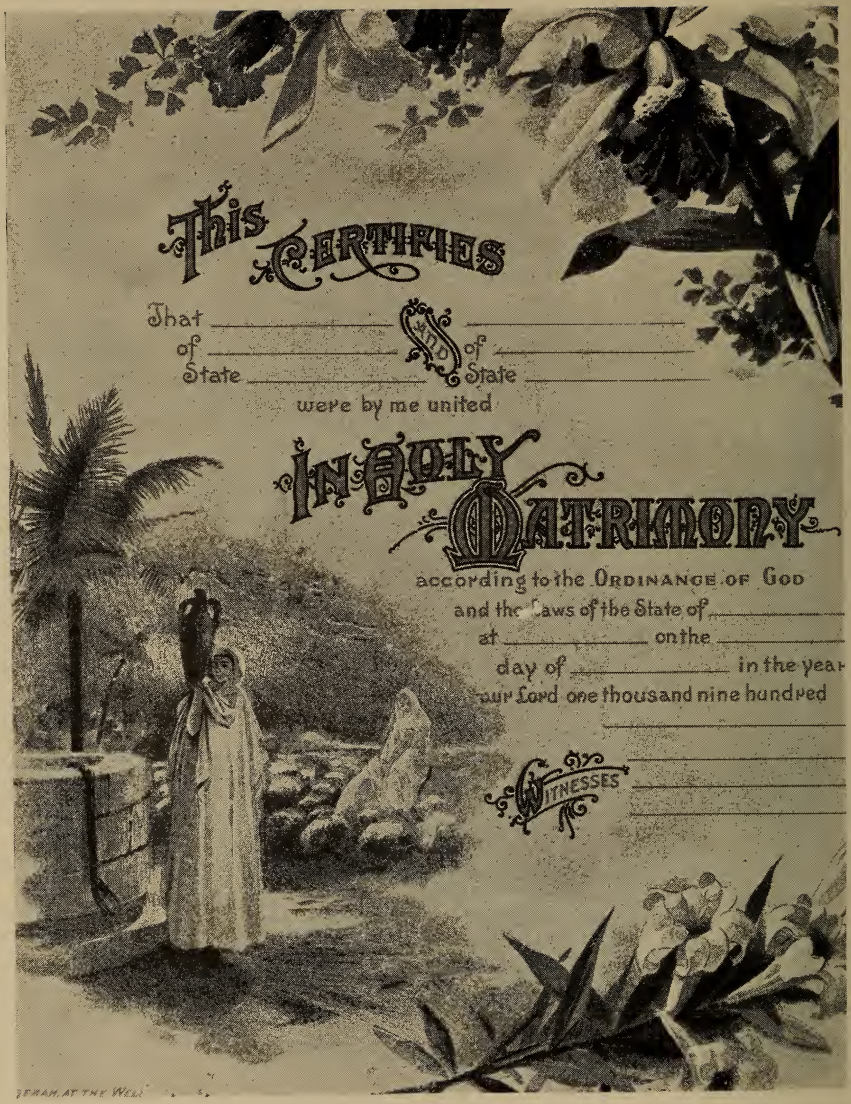
Old-Time Religion

I went to the pilot and taking my little century-old compass from my chain I placed it side by side with that of the pilot. And what do you think? That little thing pointed true! It was exactly like the big one. Untouched by storm or lightning, the old-fashioned one had been accurate all the time, as reliable in the storms of the Mediterranean as in the sunshine of Cape Cod.

I had always loved the little compass, for it had always seemed to me emblematic of my father's faith; since that Mediterranean storm it has been even more precious.

I see new faiths, new creeds arising every day; some of them seem most bright and attractive and big in promise. Some of them may indeed be compasses for some of God's children, but in the storms of life, I drop a loving glance down at my old-time little compass, still dangling from my watch-chain, and thank God that "the old-time religion is good enough for me."

# My Marriage Column




My Marriage Column

## CHAPTER XIX

### My Marriage Column

IN SPITE of Tolstoi's belief to the contrary, I have always had the feeling that there is no condition on earth quite so near to Heaven itself as a God-appointed marriage.

In looking over my books today, I find I have been the human instrumentality in uniting the hands of more than fifteen hundred couples. I wonder in how many cases it proved equally a union of lives and hearts! What a responsibility! In some cases I have been able, more or less, through life to follow the happiness of these brides and grooms, and the longer I live the more confident do I become that one of God's greatest wonders, designed to bless mankind, is the divine institution of marriage. Strange experiences are recorded in the marriage column of every minister.

As a boy I used to love to hear my father tell of the marriage of Lorenzo Dow.

Lorenzo Dow was one of the quaintest and most original characters of early Methodism. His piety and eccentricity were equally well known to us children. I remember of wondering with a boy's wonder if the Lord had appointed his second marriage.

He had lost his first wife, and as the years went by, his brethren in the ministry did not know that he had

My Marriage Column

any intention of marrying again, when one night about eleven o'clock the old village minister was awakened by a shout under his window. Cautiously pulling the blind aside, without waiting to even remove his night-cap, he peered out into the darkness and discovered an old wagon on the road, and a man and a woman standing on the gravel walk under his window.

"Say, Parson," shouted the man, "I am Lorenzo Dow. We want to get married right now. The license is all straight, and all we want of you is to marry us up quick. Will you?"

"All right!" cheerfully answered the minister, and jerked in from the window to suitably prepare for the ceremony, but was called back again by a voice, "Oh, we can't wait for a wedding-march and orange-blossoms! Marry us now from the window just as you are, or you can't do our job."

Snatching from his head his nightcap with one hand, and extending the other in apostolic benediction, the old man proceeded with the service, and in a few minutes' time Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Dow mounted their chariot *and together rode off into darkness*, and into life.

What strange fees have been paid in exchange for wedded happiness! About nine o'clock one night, an old parsonage on the Cape was approached by a man and woman in a "One Horse Shay." Hearing the wheels, Father Bates went to the door to see coming up the walk a buxom lass of two hundred pounds or so, followed by a very little man. With a little giggle she announced, "We've come to get married, Parson.

Haven't we, Bill?" The parson was duly surprised. An energetic nudge of "Bill" succeeded in soliciting the desired affirmation.

The parson examined the license and proceeded to business. "Please join your right hands," he said. "Dearly beloved, you are gathered here for the purpose of holy matrimony. Do you—" but he was here interrupted by the bride: "Say, Parson, before you go any further, would you mind taking your pay in dried apples?"

Being assured that "dried apples" was current coin with parsons, he was allowed to proceed.

"Madam, do you—" but again he was interrupted. "Say, Parson, the apples are not ripe yet, but you shall have them without fail." He assured her that the bride's honesty was appreciated and proceeded with the ceremony without further interruption.

Two months later a bushel of best dried apples was by the bride herself hauled to the parsonage door.

"I don't know as he was worth it," she said, with a twinkle in her voice, "but a bargain is a bargain for all that."

Surely at a christening, at a marriage, and at a burial service, a minister stands in peculiarly sacred relations to his people. Then, life is stripped of all superficialities and seems very real.

There is a great difference between a christening and a marriage ceremony. One would think that with a clergyman of even ordinary intelligence, there was no special need of mixing these two experiences of life.

My Marriage Column

Nevertheless, there was once a minister that not only did that very thing, but who, because of that fact, I am afraid, changed genuine friendship into lifelong enmity.

Amanda was a lady of uncertain age, to whom this very truth was without doubt a great affliction. Although of estimable character, for some strange reason, to the knowledge of the village neighborhood, Amanda had never had an admirer. The village neighborhood generally knows.

But better days were coming to Amanda.

Abner, of certain age of twenty-four, became the hired man where Amanda of uncertain age (upwards of forty) was doing the honorable work of general housemaid. The inevitable happened.

Soon the minister had the privilege of uniting "certain age" with "uncertain age" in the holy bonds of matrimony. So far all went well, but how the rest happened, I never quite knew.

It seems the minister was weary, and at the close of a long evening of clerical work he said to himself, "I will just make out Abner's and Amanda's marriage certificate, and call the day's work done."

Now side by side, in a certain drawer, rested the baptismal and the marriage certificates. He reached out his hand and took one. What right have printers and designers to make two such different documents so much alike? Was it any fault of his that in size, shape, and quality the certificates in both piles were alike?

Wearily he took his pen, and almost mechanically filled in the items. Carefully he affixed the correct

My Marriage Column

date, age, parents' names, and so forth. Then he rolled up the certificate, slipped a rubber band around it, and sent it around the corner with his compliments to the bride.

With a sigh of relief, and a good conscience, he soon retired to sleep the sleep of the just.

But the next morning, before breakfast, without the ceremony of bell or knocker, into the parsonage kitchen walked an infuriated bride, and a sheepish-appearing bridegroom.

At the minister's head was hurled the sacred certificate, while Amanda, Amazonic in her righteous wrath, pointed at the innocent looking roll, attempted with choking voice to speak, and then, no longer Amazonic, suddenly burst into tears.

"Why, Amanda, what is the matter?" queried the minister.

But Amanda could not speak. She only sadly pointed at that offending roll of paper.

With nervous foreboding, the minister seized it and unrolling it read with increasing horror, instead of the familiar marriage lines, this:

CERTIFICATE OF BAPTISM

*Mr. Abner S. Mitchell* Child of *Miss Amanda Whiting*
Born at *China, Maine*
Was baptized in *Chatham*
On the *19th* day of *May* in the year of our Lord *1848*
*Lewis B——*, Pastor.

My Marriage Column

Do you blame Amanda for not forgiving him?

But my "marriage column" is far from being merely a "funny column."

In performing marriage ceremonies I have caught occasional glimpses of Heaven.

Some years ago, the parsonage doorbell rang, and a young Scotchman introduced himself.

"Ma lassie is comin' on the Cunarder the morn's forenoon," he said. "I would like if you would marry us at ten o'clock."

"If you are here," I said, "at that hour, but perhaps the boat will be late."

"I don't think it," he said. Assuring him it would be my good pleasure to perform the ceremony, I asked him how long it was since he had seen the girl.

How his eyes lighted up, when I simply referred to her.

"Seven long years have I wearied for her," he said. "We were lad and lass th'gether at hame, and a'day Jennie went up to town wi' me, and there we pairted. I came to this country to find work, and build a hame, and, sir, when Jennie bade me 'good-bye,' she said that some day she would come o'er and share it wi' me. I've been growin' fruit 'way out in Iowa, and God was wi' me, Dominie, and so I sent money to ma Jennie for her passage, and th' morn she'll be wi' me once more, the Lord willin'."

There was a suspicious moisture in his eyes, and well, there was in mine, too.

The next morning came, nine o'clock, ten o'clock,

My Marriage Column

eleven o'clock, but no Scotchman appeared with a bonny bride. At twelve o'clock the bell rang, and the bridegroom appeared, but alone, to tell me that the boat was not yet in. "But, surely, she'll be here th' morn," he said.

And the next day she did come, and I never saw happiness more plainly written on two human faces, than on this Jacob and Rachel, as I pronounced them "man and wife."

They were very quiet, only as they bade me "good-bye," she said, "God is so good, Dominie." And the bridegroom looked at Jennie, and with a half-sob in his voice turned to me with, "Isna' it wonderfu', sir?" I gave a hearty "Amen. It is." For I know the word "wonderful" included the bride, God's goodness, life itself, and even the Yankee parson, all together.

"I am Sorry for You"

## CHAPTER XX

### "I Am Sorry for You"

*I was walking in the street. A beggar stopped me,—a frail old man. His inflamed, tearful eyes, blue lips, rough rags,—oh, how horribly poverty had disfigured the unhappy creature!*

*He stretched out his red, swollen hand. He groaned and whimpered for alms. I felt in all my pockets—no purse, watch, or handkerchief did I find. I had left them all at home.*

*The beggar waited. His outstretched hand twitched and trembled slightly.*

*Embarrassed and confused, I seized his dirty hand and pressed it. "Don't be vexed with me, Brother; I have nothing with me, Brother."*

*The beggar raised his blood-shot eyes to mine; his blue lips smiled, and he returned the pressure of my chilled fingers.*

*"Never mind, Brother," stammered he; "thank you for this—this, too, was a gift, Brother."*—Ivan Tourgueneff.

A PRISON is a strange place in which to see wonders, and yet I have seen many there.

I had not been preaching long on one of my early appointments when it occurred to me that there was no chapel in our county jail; and, what was more lamentable, there had apparently never been any preaching there. Realizing that knowledge of a need was frequently a direct command from God to supply it, I went to the county commissioners and got permission to preach in the jail the following Sunday. I was delighted the ensuing week when told that one

"I am Sorry for You"

hardened old reprobate, who was in my audience and who had in the course of his earthly pilgrimage visited jail after jail, said he liked the parson. Now, if I only had stopped there and in my eager vanity had not pressed further for information!

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh, he says he liked you because you didn't 'hurl the Prodigal Son' at him. He says he has been preached at in every first-class jail in New England, and you are the first parson that hasn't taken the opportunity to use that text on him as a living illustration."

The answer was more forcible than pleasing, but I remembered the tale of woe of a neighboring minister and felt comforted. He, it seems, had been preaching at an insane asylum, and after the service an old lady had sidled up to him and said, "Oh, I enjoyed your sermon so much this morning. I really like you so much better than any other minister we have ever had."

"Thank you," said the young man, and his face fairly beamed with gratitude.

"Oh, yes," continued the sister in Israel, "I like you so much, because you seem so much like one of us."

I preached in that little jail Sunday after Sunday; one day it came to pass that a new jail was to be built. So I appeared before the commissioners and begged them to supply the new one with a suitable chapel, for in the old one we had only a corridor to use for our services. At the same time I suggested to them

that the Commission appoint a chaplain to the jail to serve without pay for the ensuing year. It was really a great delight to me within a few weeks to discover both of my suggestions had been acted upon, and that I myself had been appointed the chaplain. From that day to this I have not ceased to be interested in prisons and prisoners.

"I am Sorry for You"

I was many miles from home, and almost at the end of a three-week series of wonderful meetings. It was Saturday night, and two women presented themselves at my lodgings as a committee from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to ask me to hold a service in the Federal Prison the next day. I hesitated. The next day was to be my last in town. I had already planned for five services, and I was weary, soul and body. But while I hesitated, one of the ladies said, "We know it is asking a good deal, but even these prisoners have heard about the wonderful meetings you have held, and they, too, need you." That was enough. I promised to go. The next day it rained, and rained hard. At our little hotel the people laughingly said, "You needn't get ready today, Dr. Bates. Those women will surely not come out in this storm." But they did come and just at the appointed time, two heroic little figures dripping with rain. "We can hardly afford a carriage," they said, "do you mind the rain?" I assured them I was very fond of a rainy day, and out we started for a half a mile's walk. In single file we went, and I began to wonder if it was a Methodist minister's duty to like

"I am Sorry for You"

floods as well as rains, when at length we arrived in front of the prison.

We soon found ourselves in a long corridor. Back of us three iron doors had been bolted; in front of us, and locked in together with us, were one hundred and seventy criminals—one hundred and seventy human beings, one hundred and seventy immortal souls. Two sick men were wheeled out of cells on their beds. It was an inspiring, heart-aching sight. I did not preach about the Prodigal, but I did try to talk about Him who had once said, "Come unto me, ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." God was with me, for as I talked I saw more than one eye glistening with tears of repentance. At the close of my remarks, I looked at them, these my brethren, and my heart yearned to help them. I looked at them. With the exception of the sick men, they all had been standing and for nearly an hour.

"Brothers," I said, "God, your Father, today loves you and wants you to seek Him. Won't all of you who will try to seek Him and become better men now raise your hands?"

"Stranger," interrupted a voice from one of the roughest looking of them all. "Stranger, God's spirit called me long ago. I refused Him. He called again and again, and I paid no attention to Him. And now I'm in trouble, don't you think it looks mean to dodge now and ask Him to help me?"

"My friend," I answered, "it looks meaner to still refuse Him."

I think he did not even hear my words, but I knew God was talking to him, for before I had hardly finished my sentence, he shouted, "I'll do it! I'll do it!" By this time every hand in the room was raised, and we all knelt. I believe we all prayed, and I believe that in more than one heart that night God showed His wonders of sins forgiven, and peace. What a God we serve, who can make of prison-walls a cathedral!

"I am Sorry for You"

At one time, nearer home, the prison chaplain was ill, and I was asked to visit one of the prisoners who had been suddenly attacked by disease. I visited him and then asked permission to visit a man in the next ward. I was told I could do as I liked, but I had better leave him alone, for he was a noted desperado. I went to his bed. "Brother," I said, but I could get no further, for he shouted, "You lie, I have no brother!"

I tried to talk for a few moments, but got not even a sullen response. I left him. That night I was talking with a little girl, and I told her about the poor unhappy man in prison. Unbeknown to me, she slipped down the street, and emptying her tiny purse, bought two oranges. Coming home she got a glass of jelly from her mother. The next morning, when I was putting on my coat, she slyly came to me and slipping a little parcel in my hand said, "Papa, will you please take that to the poor unhappy man?" I took it. As I approached his bed, I waited. There was no answering smile to my greeting. "I have a note," I said, "from a little girl, and she sent you these oranges and jelly." "No matter about the d——d note," he said. "Give

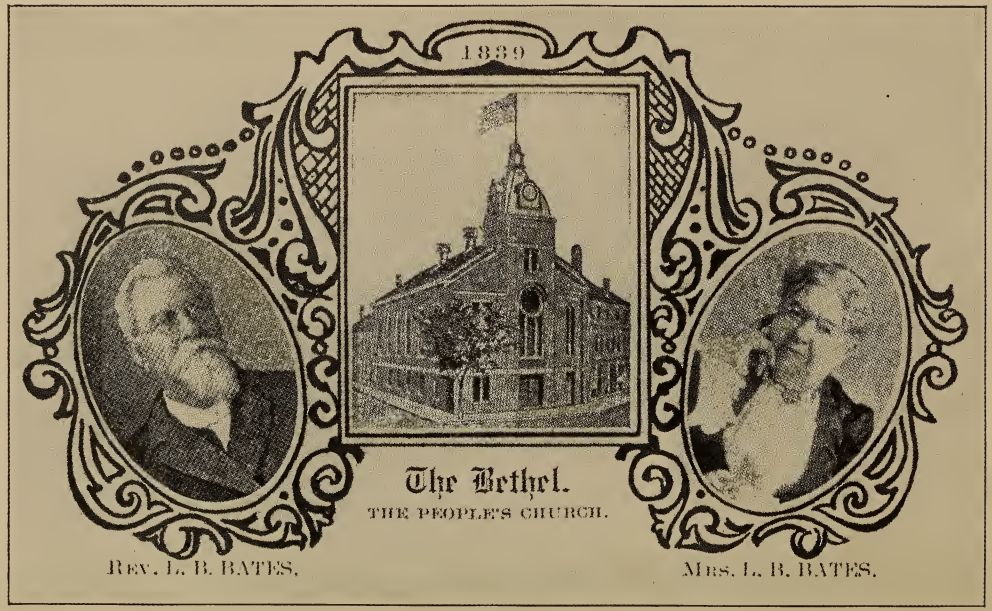
"I am Sorry for You"

me the oranges. My throat is parched." I gave them to him and then remained silent until evidently with delight he ate them both. He looked at me a moment. "You *told* her to do it," he said suspiciously. "No, I didn't," I replied, "and I didn't even know she had written the note until I opened the package." "Umph," he grunted. I waited. "Aren't you going to hand over that note?" he said. Gladly I handed it to him, and he read it. "Dear poor man," it said, "I am sorry for you. God loves you. Your little friend."

He was a long time reading that tiny note, and I waited. Finally, be raised his head, and I knew he could not see me with his eyes just then. "If that is true," he said, "if God does love me, I will be a different man."

Years went by, and he *was* a different man. What connection the oranges, the jelly and the note had with this wonder, I don't know. I only know the biggest message Divinity ever spoke to humanity, a message too great for even angels to give, was given that night by a little girl—"I am sorry for you, dear poor man. God loves you."

Bethel




AT OUR GOLDEN WEDDING

## CHAPTER XXI

### Bethel

*Surely the Lord is in this place—this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. And he called the name of that place "Bethel."*—From an old book.

NOW IT came to pass as the years went by, through God's goodness we found ourselves at the expiration of a delightful three-years' pastorate at St. John's Church, South Boston, awaiting advance orders. Two paths were already open before us, and they both meant advance in salary, and influential city parishes; but while deliberating between these two, one night three men came to see us. They were from a little church on a corner of an island near by, they said, and had come to urge me to be their pastor the following year. Their only plea was this, "A little church, run down and poor. We never have paid even two-thirds of your present salary; but we need you, and will give you your living, even if we have to sell the shirts from our backs to do it."

I was needed, and in my heart I knew at once that this third call was God's call. As I thought of the island's need revealed by these men, and was told that the population included an element of sea-faring people, I remembered also one whom I had loved.

Bethel

He had been a sea-faring boy, who had gone down in the deep waters, and I thanked God He had counted me worthy to labor among such people.

How the first night of a minister's new pastorate is a test to his very soul. I went into the little vestry and found only about fifty people there; but it has been one of God's own wonders that I have lived to see in that same church ten hundred at a regular Sunday night service.

After several years of delightful work orders came to enlarge our walls. With a glorious rededicatory service, new and old lines of Christian work were opened for the little church on the corner.

At the junction of five streets it stands. Within its hearing are the jargons and dialects of many nations. Beyond it, in one direction, is a thickly settled population of twenty thousand people, containing no Protestant church. By its doors have trodden sailors from all countries, and within its portals many have stopped to rest awhile, and in consequence have found it to be veritably one of God's own waiting-rooms on earth, where He has revealed His wonders to their hearts. The little church on the corner,

> In the heart of the city it stands, so plain and unadorned.
> Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside it.
> Thousands of throbbing hearts, thousands of aching brains,
> Thousands of toiling hands, thousands of weary feet.

A bigger, more blessed field was never given to man in which to labor.

Twenty-four years I have been blessed in its ministry, and I believe I love the very bricks in its walls. What a work its membership has done on sea and land! During that time nearly ten thousand books and papers have been distributed among sailors alone. Four mission-boats in turn have left the wharf on Sunday mornings to visit the shipping in the harbor. On hills of this and other countries its sons and daughters are preaching the Gospel today. Babes that I christened at its altars are, today, superintendents of Sunday Schools in large cities, and there are choir-masters, who it seems but yesterday were singing in our infant classes. Bethel

There was one who came among us, a humble little girl in our Sunday School, who, finding there the wonders of the Lord, went forth from our Bethel to Africa to tell others of His goodness.

If you and I, today, should go to the western coast of Africa, we could find her grave. That is not all we should find; for there, right at the battle-line between heathenism and Christianity, we should find a little chapel still telling her message to surrounding heathen.

Our loved Bishop Mallalieu once told me that when in Calcutta he had gone to a Sailors' Mission. He found it doing a great work, he said, and what interested him most was that when the preacher heard he was from America, the first question he had asked was, "Have you ever been to the East Boston Bethel?" He then went on to tell him: "I, Italian, wicked sailor. I went

Bethel

to Boston, East Boston Bethel, and found the wonders of the Lord there, and since then I preach them to all sailors."

We had not even remembered *him*, a stray sailor that perhaps had come in some evening to get warm, but the Lord Jesus had remembered him, for as he went out from our midst that night He, Himself, had gone with him and had never left him during all the years.

There came a day during my ministry to this people when they said to me: "Come, you need a rest. Go across the water and see those places about which you dreamed as a boy. Visit those lands most sacred to every minister of the Gospel, and come again and tell us, that we may know of them, too."

So it came about that I, a poor Methodist minister, was given the great privilege of a journey to far-off countries. It was on this trip that perhaps for the first time I began to appreciate the extent of the work actual and possible to the little church on the corner. As we touched port after port I would find some book, some paper stamped, "East Boston Bethel," or I would find some sailor who would welcome me because some time in his life he had met me at our Bethel.

It was on a Sunday morning, and we were slowly steaming into the harbor of Smyrna. Glad to get on land again we started at once for our hotel, but on our way passed a Sailors' Mission close to the long pier. The temptation was too great. I retraced my steps and entered. Taking up a book from the table, I

read, "L. B. Bates, East Boston Bethel." The sight of that word "Bethel" was like the gleam of the "Stars and Stripes" to a homesick soldier. After finding several books and papers stamped in the same way, I left a Bethel card and went on to join the rest of the party. We had hardly reached our destination when I heard a man rushing up the steps behind me calling, "Is there an American here by the name of Bates?" Bethel

I turned around. The first thing I knew I was seized by a man larger than myself and actually hugged in the presence of the astonished hotel proprietor. When, by glancing at the man's face, I had assured myself there was no attempt at assault and battery, I found out that he, too, was from America and that his name was "Jones." This did not give me any special enlightenment, but then he said:

"Don't you remember a drunken sailor that drifted into the East Boston Bethel one Monday night while you were holding special meetings? You shook hands with him, and asked him to go forward to the altar for prayer. He had just sense enough left to know he was drunk and wicked. He told you so. But you said Christ Jesus had come into the world to save wicked men, and there was something about the way you took his hand that made him want to be different. He went forward to the altar. The next night he came again, and the next, and on Thursday night he found the wonders of the Lord. Friday morning he sailed on one of the Cunarders out across the ocean.

Bethel

"I have never since visited America, but I'd rather see the East Boston Bethel once again before I die than to see the Rocky Mountains, Niagara Falls, and Washington, all thrown in together."

Did I remember, then? I rather think I did, and I thanked Him who had done the mighty thing.

My friend Jones then went on to tell me that when he had reached Liverpool he went at once to some Sailors' Mission. The sister of the Bishop of Liverpool was its chief patron, and she becoming interested in him urged him to preach. He tried to, and succeeded so well that eventually she asked him to take charge of a Sailors' Mission in Smyrna, and there he had been ever since.

That evening was one of the "Wonder" times of my life. At his request I preached for him to a motley gathering of sinners. I gave one sentence in English, and four interpreters in turn repeated it in French, Italian, German, and Arabic.

I talked for an hour to one of the most attentive congregations I have ever seen, about the "Christ who had come into the world to save sinners," and then turning to my friend, I said, "If I were at home, I should now urge these people to seek this Christ."

"That's just what we want," was the response, and solemnly the five-fold invitation was given. Eleven men came forward to the little mission altar to seek our God. I bowed my head in thankfulness. I knew that, next to God Himself, it was the Bethel touch that had done this miracle. In five languages the Gospel

message was given that day, typical indeed of the work that constantly is being put forth from the little church on the five corners. Bethel

Mighty men of the Lord have visited this church, and given their message from its pulpit. One day it chanced that George Müller was our guest. That morning Heaven had seemed very near, as he in simple words had told us of his Father's love. Our hearts felt the hush as if an angel had visited us.

He came to the parsonage for lunch, and afterward asked to be alone for a moment. From the next room I heard him pray, as I never have heard mortal pray before or since.

"O Father," he said, "give my boys their dinner today. Take care of them. Don't let them lack for any good thing. I thank Thee for my good dinner, today, Father. Thou art always so good to me, but I cannot be happy unless I know my boys are not hungry."

In a few minutes he came to us, his face shining. "It is all right," he said, "I know my boys over in Germany have had a good dinner today. I have the answer." A mighty man of God was Muller. Sixty thousand boys he had clothed, given homes, and fed through answers to prayer alone.

Others of God's great men have spoken within the Bethel walls, and long ago were its aisles consecrated by the feet of those saints who no more walk the paths of earth. Now every Sunday as I look down into the loving faces of my congregations, it seems almost as if I were actually gazing, too,

Bethel

"Into those angel faces
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

So it came to pass that Louisa and I for fifty years had walked hand in hand from church to church, from parish to parish. Each year has but added to us instances of God's wonders. Is it any wonder that when in this, the Bethel of our lives, the people unitedly looked upon our Golden Wedding as their own Church Jubilee, that we felt our lines indeed had fallen into pleasant places and that this church, the child of our old age, has become a veritable Bethel, a House of God to our souls?

The problem of the down-town city church is before us. During our pastorate five Protestant churches have been obliged to move away from the center up onto the hill,—and yet the wonders of our God have not yet ceased at the old Bethel, for one bright morning not many weeks ago it was my privilege at its sacred altars to receive one hundred and nineteen new members. Twenty-four years of service, faulty and imperfect, but always sincere and earnest, have we labored among this people, and the little church still stands on the corner.

In the heart of the city it stands, so plain and unadorned.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside it.
Thousands of throbbing hearts, thousands of aching brains,
Thousands of toiling hands, thousands of weary feet.

As to the future, in our moments of anxiety we are comforted, for we remember that God rules, and God loves our Bethel—the little church on the corner.

"In His Name"

## CHAPTER XXII

### "In His Name"

AS I interpret my Gospel commission I was sent to preach to all creatures, and I never yet have had the opportunity to preach any time, or anywhere but what I have accepted it and tried to do my best. I wish, I wish from the depths of my soul, there were a deeper harmony among God's people, but somehow my faith is triumphant that there will be sometime, and meanwhile I am going to try to be content, even if at present we are all divided into different church families. After all, the vital differences are really getting fewer and fewer.

When I went across the ocean a few years ago, it didn't disturb me in the least that everyone who went to England didn't go in the boat I chose, or even didn't go on my line. The main point was to arrive safely in port. And so, as I think of the different great church lines that run between earth and Heaven, what difference does it make if my Baptist brother does prefer a submarine boat in which to make the voyage? I am perfectly willing and shall love him just the same! It may be, after all, that the good Lord will never give me, myself, any special credit for being in the ship of Methodism! Many is the time I have had such a liking for any kind of a craft on which sail God's

"In His Name"

children that I have felt like making a raft of them all and joining them together to sail to Zion!

What is more fascinating than to stand on some seaside hill and watch the ships sail out of harbor, until, lost to sight, they sink beyond the distant horizon! As they vary in size, in rigging, in appearance, even so, it seems to me, do God's churches.

I never see a beautiful, full-rigged ship on a summer's day, sailing along so calmly and so quietly, but what I think of the dear old Quaker church. Some wonderful Quakers have I known. On life's voyage charmingly have they sailed, calmly, with dignity; and with unspotted tarpaulins, and with muffled oars, and padded machinery.

Many times in my life have I hailed most pleasantly the "Quaker" ships, but perhaps with most pleasure do I look back on speaking with them in New Bedford. It was after the Lord had had a great revival there. At that time there were living close by me two Quaker brothers. When they found out that, according to our itinerant system, I must move on in April, they came one morning to visit me. How kind they were! In drab precision, they sat in the little parsonage parlor, and clasped their hands over their broad-rimmed hats. Finally they were moved to speak.

"Thou must not leave New Bedford. The Lord is with thee. Stay and preach the Word unto us. We will build thee a home, and give thee two times thy present salary for thy week's work, only thou must do the preaching for nothing!"

I smiled. "I am never paid for preaching," I said. "My salary has always been for work done in between!" Their faces fairly beamed with appreciation. "In His Name"

"Thou art right! Be our minister, and we will see more wonders of the Lord!"

I was deeply touched. I thanked them, but as I sailed into another parish in a few weeks' time, the name on my boat was still "Methodist."

There have been times when easily I could have embarked on the Congregationalist ship. True, they like to sail as they please on the ocean of church-polity, and each little church feels competent to steer itself, while personally I prefer boats that sail in fleets; but at one time city missionary work under the Congregationalists seemed to me almost a call from the Lord. I paused and thought a while, but when I coaled up and sailed out of harbor again, the name on my ship was still "Methodist."

No one who has taken a long voyage at sea will fail to realize how much one's confidence in any ship depends on the personality of its commander. Is it not equally true that our opinion of any church denomination is more largely influenced by the character of its commanders than by its creed?

When I met Warren H. Cudworth, I became a bigger and better man, for I realized through him and other Christ-like Unitarians that many of them loved my Lord, even as I did. It was a privilege to preach from his pulpit, and be a Methodist still.

Phillips Brooks was another of the great church-

"In His Name"

commanders with whom it was my privilege, many a time, to be associated in Christian work. I have read of heart-warming incidents in the life of this wonderful man, but there is one that has special interest for me. The night before he died, a poor wretched fellow, a tramp, called at Mr. Brooks's house and asked for help. He said he was hungry and penniless, and in some way his appeal reached the sick man. Weak and exhausted as he was, with trembling hands, this Christ-like man wrote a card to a friend, asking him to supply the poor tramp's wants, until the writer himself was able to look out for him. It was a little card, with wavering letters, but it is one of my heart's treasures today; and it matters what name is printed on the ship in which Phillips Brooks sailed to Heaven, I shall always honor it because of him.

The Episcopal ship! Who doesn't admire a white squadron in holiday array! How fascinating the drill-work! How beautiful the service of its Prayer-Book! In this day of democracy are we in any danger of thinking a poor man *better* than a rich man? May we not make a similar mistake in thinking a ritual service is necessarily not spiritual? I love the Episcopalians, but I am still a Methodist.

I am still a Methodist, but it was a great joy to me to preach the Gospel in the First Church of Christian Scientists in Boston, and, do you know, I think the time is coming when I shall be asked to speak in the Catholic Church? I give warning, if that time ever comes, I shall accept the invitation! When a

big-souled man, like Father O'Donnell, can walk side by side with a Methodist preacher in the streets of the city, and be as kind and Christ-like as he has been, the the time cannot be far distant when Christ's prayer must be answered, "that they be one in Christ Jesus!" Among the many joys of a golden wedding, a silver loving-cup with the name upon it of "Hugh O'Donnell" shines bright in memory's list of treasures.

"In His Name"

The longer I live the more I am convinced that the world's great hungering cry is for more of love and less of creed.

There was once a king who wished to encourage the ship industry in his kingdom, and so offered a prize for the finest ship. He gave a great festival at the mouth of a river, and on a certain day all the competing ships were to sail by. The banks of the river were crowded with spectators, who were anxious to see the winner of the prize. Early in the morning the contestants began to arrive—big ships, little ships, handsome ships, swift ships, and ships of all kinds.

The largest one said, "Surely, I shall get the prize on account of my size!" But the king let the largest ship sail by. Soon, a beautiful ship came in sight, but the king let the beautiful ship sail by. Now came a ship that by its speed had won many a silver cup, but the king let the swift boat go by. Next appeared the "Mayflower." "Without doubt on account of age, that will get the prize!" thought the people. But the king let the "Mayflower" sail by. The submarine came hopefully along, but the king let the submarine go by.

"In His Name"

An airship was next in line. The people shouted! "Surely so up-to-date a craft must be just the one for which the king had been waiting!" But, no, the king shook his head, and let the airship disappear. Now, all this time, I had been most interested in the name that appeared on the stern of each boat, for it did not take me long to discover that each in turn represented the name of some church denomination.

It was almost dusk, and the prize was not yet awarded, when just in sight came puffing and smoking a dirty little tugboat! She had had no intention of entering the list, but had been out all night, rescuing a shipwrecked schooner, which she was now towing safely back to her home.

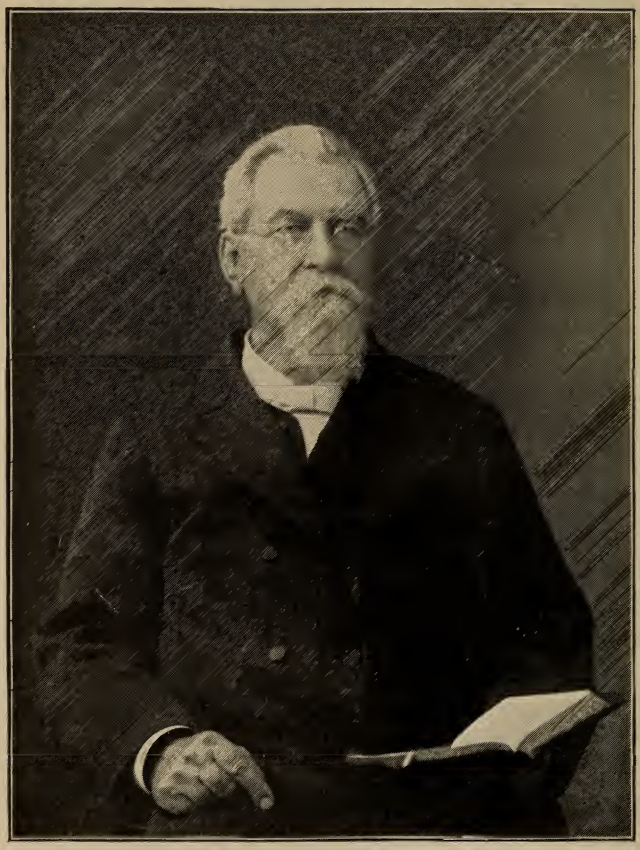
What a laugh the crowd set up as they saw the poor little boat, but the king looked at her, stopped her, as she humbly would have hurried by, and then said, "I give the prize not to the great one, nor to the handsome one; neither do I give it to the one with a record for speed, nor to one of ancient fame, but to you, oh little tugboat, I give it, for helping another!"

Amid the cheers of the crowd I tried to decipher the name on the tugboat. "Methodist, sure," I thought, but as I got a better view, what do you suppose I saw? There *was* the name of some church denomination underneath, I think, but the letters were so tiny that no one could make them out, while in bold belief, shining in letters of gold upon her stern, I read these words, "In His Name!" And I, I am a Methodist still, but I sometimes think that perhaps if I but

each day will try to love a little more, I, too, can reduce the size of the letters, so that when my little bark shall appear before the King He shall find written, even above the precious word, "Methodist," other words, and they, too, shall be, "In His Name!"

"In His Name"

# Revelations



*"That where I am ye may be also"*—John 14: 3

"And may there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark;
For, though from out our bourne of time and place, the flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face, when I have crossed the bar."

## CHAPTER XXIII

### Revelations

FATHER BATES used to refuse to sing, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," but all through his life from his very heart would shout, "On Jordan's *sunny* banks I stand."

Today, I am seventy-nine years young, and I am sitting in the sunshine of God's Wonderland, and yet, not sitting exactly, for I preached three times yesterday, and I have preached three times every Sunday this summer. I suppose it *would* be glorious to just sit around awhile down here and see the Lord work His wonders, but somehow it seems much more glorious to still be able to take hold and work *with* the Lord, and of one thing I am most sure, when I do stand on the banks of Jordan's stream, it, too, will be as gloriously flecked with God's sunshine as is the Annisquam that today is rippling gently below my cottage-door.

In these days how precious is God's Word to me! Grand old Wonder Book, typical of every life that has been placed upon this earth. From Genesis to Revelation, what a wonderful analogy! We all have our Genesis, and then how soon from the home nest comes the Exodus. To every itinerant minister how often has come to his heart the fullest meaning of the word Exodus!

Revelations

Then how we all have our Lamentations, our sorrows, our disappointments, the parting from those dearer than life itself, and yet how much time we all lose by staying so long in the Land of Lamentations, when the clearer air and broader view of Psalms is awaiting us!

What joyous days to us are those when the great wonder of life comes to our hearts, leading us to hear with a strange thrill of joy the inspiration of Solomon's Song. Through Law and Prophet we wander with a sweet consciousness that the Highlands of God's love are yet beyond.

Then the glorious views of God's love that come to us as we turn over the Gospel chapters, and transmute them into actual happy *acts* in living.

Next comes the Epistolary stage, when a true follower of the Lord Jesus Christ is read and known of all men.

Surely there is not one of the sixty-six books of the Bible which fails to find touches in my own life.

Sometimes God's wonders so possess my spirit that I feel that I, too, am even on the Isle of Patmos in the book of Revelations.

The secret of the Lord *is with* them that fear Him, and on every page of my life, I find written some of His secrets that tell of His great love. What more remains to be revealed?

I know that Heaven is very real to this old heart of mine, and I sometimes wonder what it will mean to be there. I think of John and of his message, and realize that after all, *it* is simply a revelation of more love.

Revelations

It will be because of His love that we shall have our dear ones again, and know them as of course we shall. Whenever I hear the question asked as to recognition of loved ones in our Heavenly home, I think of the old Scotch dominie, whose wife was always grieving for fear she would not know her husband in Heaven. At length, after vainly trying to comfort her, one day he said with a twinkle in his eye, "Mary, bairn, you'll na be a bigger fool in Heaven than down here, na know any less!"

What must it be to be there! To recover your lost ambitions, and hopes, and desires, and to have the power of realization at last, for it is promised that "we," we, ourselves, "shall be satisfied."

It was one cold night in January, and I was called to an attic chamber on Bremen Street. In it a little girl of sixteen lay dying. I had called on her frequently the last few weeks, and I knew how Lizzie had been starved in this life, not for bread, perhaps, but for the realization of all the ambition that should gladden a young girl's life. Poor and sick as she was, with a drunken father, I could not pray for her to live. I placed my hand on her pale forehead.

"Lizzie," I said, "is it all right?"

"I am afraid," she whispered, and then I tried to tell her what Heaven would mean to her.

"You'll have everything you want, there!" I finally said.

"Everything?" she gasped.

"Everything," I replied.

Revelations

"Say, minister," she whispered, "Will I, will I have a piano there? You don't mean that, do you?"

As I looked at those beseeching eyes I remembered the strange love this little waif had for music, and how sweetly she herself could sing, and I hesitated but for a moment.

"Yes, Lizzie," I said, "if you need a piano in Heaven to make you happy, you'll surely have it." I shall never forget the look of peace that settled over her dying face.

It was years ago that Lizzie died, but that scene has comforted my own heart many a time. One of my own beautiful Revelations has been that Heaven will contain a grand piano even for me, if my happiness is incomplete without!

But somehow, I think I used to be concerned more with the things that Heaven contained than I am now.

A few years ago, I officiated at the funeral of a lovely Christian woman. After the service her husband came to me and said:

"Help me. Our little girl, Nellie, has been visiting all through her mother's sickness, and now I must go to bring her home. She doesn't know her mother is dead, and I can't tell her. Come with me."

I went, and never shall I forget the joyous little face that met her father's. "O papa, you've come to take me home!" So full was she of her own joy that she even failed to see the sorrow in her father's face. Almost before we knew it, we had reached the home

and out sprang Nellie. Into the house she rushed. "Mother," she shouted. Down went her hat on the parlor table, and upstairs two steps at a time she hurried into mother's room. Then through all the other rooms and down again. "Mother" she cried, and then we told the baby as well as we could, that mother was not there, but had gone to Heaven. I shall always remember the look of childish wonder, as she crept down from my knee, and going to the table put on her hat and started for the door.

Revelations

"Where are you going, Nellie?" I asked.

"I am going off," and the little lips quivered. "It isn't home where mamma *isn't.*"

I remember today, the beauty of that home. All through the years the thought has grown with me, that Heaven will have many pleasures, that it will even have the ivory keys of our hearts' desires, but, after all, the great object will be, to be *where God is.*

Today, I sit in the sunshine of God's Wonderland, and again one by one I turn the pages of my Wonder Book, and whatever else I may see written across each page from Genesis to Revelation, above it all I find these words, "God is love."

As I think of the Gloryland in which I have lived for nearly four-score years, and as I think of the greater Gloryland, not perhaps so far away, and then think of Him, through whose great love I shall soon see face to face, is it any wonder that I feel as Job did when he once said he had a message that he would write with an iron pen upon a page of rock? Even so, now,

Revelations

would I write my life message, "Behold, behold the Lamb."

"Happy if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!"

On August 17, the proof-sheets of this book were read by Dr. Bates, who at the time was in his usual health. On August 27, alone, he met suddenly the Death Angel, and "through Jordan's sunny streams" he went to meet his "Pilot, face to face."

---

REST, tired soldier, rest,
Your battles are over at last,
No more need you labor on life's battlefield.
The victory came quick and fast.

Rest, tired soldier, rest,
You were ready when your Captain called,
Though alone at your post when the summons came,
You answered "Ready" at the final call.

Rest, tired soldier, rest,
On the hills of the heavenly shore,
Loved ones are coming to meet you again
Where partings will be no more.

Rest, our loved hero, rest,
Peace comes from God, who knows best,
For we know you are waiting to welcome us there,
Then rest, our loved hero, rest.

*Written by William Gilchrist.*

JAN 3 1910

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: May 2006

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

BX
8497
B

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

JAN 21 1910

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 017 528 191 5